

THE CAMP SCHOOL

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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DEPTFORD GIRLS AFTER TWO YEARS' TRAINING IN EVELYN HOUSE

THE CAMP SCHOOL

BY

MARGARET McMILLAN



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TO THE
SCHOOL TEACHERS OF BRADFORD

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book was written in a more or less informal way because inscribed to the elementary school teachers of Bradford, with whom some of our happiest hours were spent. It sets forth the record of a series of experiments which had as their object the removal of the disabilities that come to the children of poverty and make even the best teaching difficult, or even impossible. It is hoped that in this hour of stress the book may be found useful to those who are planning a new order of future for the children of the Empire, and that our dear friends in Bradford may know all that we attempted when our long and dear connections with them were broken.

MARGARET McMILLAN.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. REAL WORTH, OR THE ROOTS OF POWER .	9
II. ECONOMICS AND WASTE . . .	26
III. THE SCHOOL CLINIC . . .	41
IV. THE BABY CAMP . . .	51
V. THE GIRLS' CAMP . . .	78
VI. THE BOYS' CAMP . . .	92
VII. EDUCATION IN CAMP . . .	117
VIII. THE HIGHER GRADE CAMP . .	138
IX. WHAT WE HAVE TO DO NOW . .	158
X. CONCLUSION , , , ,	168

THE CAMP SCHOOL

I

REAL WORTH, OR THE ROOTS OF POWER

THE long sleep in which the nation lay in bygone years in regard to education must have been dreamless and profound. It is strange to look back on it now. A flutter of hope and expectancy may have followed the passing of the first Education Act. It died down completely, and almost at once. The big schools were built. Who cared to visit or to hear about them? The "education" question became a "religious" squabble. The education rate went up. It didn't go up far. It was a pitiful thing in view of the issues at stake! After a generation complaints grew loud and louder. Education was an altogether unpopular question. For various reasons people of various orders were repelled: the ordinary rate-payer because it cost money, the harassed wage-earner because it took his child out of the labour market. Vivid and vital people hated it because it was a *dull* process. They put their hands to their ears. "Education comes from *educere*, to lead out," said William Morris in one of his books: "I have never heard anybody who could tell me what it means. . . . A school of herring,

a school of painting, a school of *children*," and at this point he laughed. The people did not laugh. They did not really listen to any talk on the matter. Even mothers were not interested, though as time went on they found the school a good place for keeping the children out of mischief. Interested—no, indeed!

Yet human beings love a garden. They will watch a plant with interest. The development of one's own child is an amazing, a thrilling, a supreme revelation. But there was no question of that. It was never a question of Human Culture, else we should not still be trying to start pest-killing. Think of it! For over forty years *millions* of children sat in huge classrooms, diseased, suffering, verminous, and unknown. They streamed out into the world every year in tens of thousands. They crowded in unwholesome streets, fell into the snares of unskilled and casual work, laboured, suffered, and at last began to pay rates in their turn. All this happened. It happens still.

It is usual to hear that other nations set us a good example. Germany, for instance—that we should have copied Germany and other nations. That kind of observation does not rest on any appreciation of the facts. Other nations, America and Germany even, came awake very slowly. We were too fast asleep to note even that. I do not see that *they* awakened early or got possession of their wits when even they began to open their eyes. Germany had a tremendous leeway to make up in child sickness twenty years ago. It is true, of course, that her eyes were jealously fixed on other races and that, once resolved to act, she acted with greater

energy than conservative England. But the fact remains that, having nothing better in view, even the most civilized of Western nations went mad for whole decades over Masonry. When Medical Inspection of school children was started in Germany the new service fell at once into the old snare. They went over the new schools, examined the walls, the floors, the ceilings, and when all this was done turned furiously on the furniture. "Scientific" desks and chairs, not to speak of plinths, ribstalls, dustless floors, and systems of ventilation. These things have quite a literaturē devoted to them. It is as if a sick man sent very hurriedly, not for a doctor, but for a new dressing-gown.

America, always to the front where enterprise and mechanical efficiency are concerned, took perhaps the highest flight in this direction. She made her schools sanitary in a bold and beautiful way, displaying the very genius of the New World in devices and fittings. Fair marble baths, chaste halls, fountains, and every kind of device for dainty drinking and eating and washing; tables and chairs of every size and order, and a wealth of Kindergarten material, school potteries, work-sheds, and manual training-rooms; and finally machine and construction-shops that are the last word in science applied to the fitting up of educational and industrial centres. No one can look at all this without a kind of enthusiasm. It is far enough away from the ideal of John Knox,¹ but still it is beautiful. Take Canada, where sixty years ago wolves prowled, and where even now great beltings of primeval trees slope down-

¹ I make no apology for citing him alone, for *judged by results* he is the greatest of Western educational reformers.

ward to the banks of great rivers, new and handsome schools stand, all aglitter in the merry light, and furnished with a gallant pride and glad beneficence.

Yet the children for whom all this is done live apart from this, and nothing of all this brought any sure help to them. Ill-clad, ill-shod, ill-nourished, with dim eyes and curved spines we saw them move only a few years ago in their fine schoolrooms. They were in the New World; they were of it, yet they belonged to the Old. The levels reached by the people and their children before the war vary little in different lands. The barrier for one nation was Kaiserdom, for another Wealth, and for England mere Indolence. No. We lived in a world of bad examples, and set no better example ourselves.

The great mass of the people tend to breed early and degenerate early. They come up like a flower and are cut down. It is true that we all come up as flowers and depart. We flee as a shadow and continue not. But in the life of some—and it might be in the life of all—there is a progression that is bright with starry hopes, and amazing suggestions of a real permanence below all changes. In short, there is for every one a possible goal in life that is worthy of continuous struggle and sacrifice. The Christian religion proclaims this when it declares that a soul is immortal and beyond all price. But if in Christian lands, as in others, the natural gifts of multitudes were not allowed to develop, that is because they were Christian only in name. Below the surface all the old primitive egoisms and blindness held the masses down. It was made difficult, if

not impossible, in every great nation for the majority to develop in any real sense.

Schools. Yes. But education for all; no.

In England (the Land of Liberty) the loss of power in nine out of ten goes on quietly and without open tyranny. Poverty does its work. The unfortunate sink. In Germany it is done ruthlessly and very deliberately without any professed regard for the masses. Schools are multiplied. But higher education is fenced in as a preserve. As for the common people, a well-thought-out scheme of education of a particular kind was evolved. And so openly that the stranger was asked to examine it.

Efficiency.

In 1907 Germany, as a wonderland of efficiency, opened up all kinds of unexpected visions and problems to the stranger! The people were a new people. They had done an astounding thing, viz. taken to new ways and habits and rejected the old and time-worn usages. They had done all this suddenly and efficiently, as obeying a superior officer. The teachers, workmen, even the children, were doing what they were expected to do exactly like soldiers, and with the most astounding precision. The rural schools had rural education, and a kind-looking prediger-inspector to see that they got it. At Wiesbaden it was elected to teach English in certain schools, and that was done so thoroughly that the little boys and girls spoke the language within two years with amazing fluency and correctness! If it had been elected to teach them Chinese or rope-making this too would have been achieved

with military determination and triumphant success. I think it took our breath away.

It was ten years ago. At that time deputations to German schools and schoolmasters were becoming popular. One of the best of these schools is in Frankfurt, and it is presided over by a staunch patriot whose intellect is a little too active for his national pride and credo. On that beautiful September day when we last saw him he stood by an open window in one of his great classrooms and looked at us with a quiet and satisfied smile.

"A great many English deputations come over," he said. "They are good enough to say that we succeed in doing what we set out to do. I believe they are right."

"And what do you want to do?" asked my sister.

The head master smiled. "Something practical and something patriotic. We cannot afford, being where we are in Europe, to indulge in day-dreams, or to go along haphazard. Our great teachers, like our great generals, have one aim—to serve the Fatherland—and in order to do this we have to see that our people are educated. Educated," he continued, gently, "in different ways and for different kinds of work. No round men in square holes."

"Is it a question of roundness or squareness, or a question of humanity?" asked my sister.

"Humanity! I understand you," cried the teacher eagerly. "We have undertaken the human part of the work thoroughly. You see our school baths, our drill halls, our medical specialists? And nowadays you don't see, I hope, many ragged or very neglected children in the streets? That is because we have a humane object, and it has been achieved,"

he said hurriedly. "We respect the human being in the poorest. Once this is granted the task to fit every one for his place in life, to find his place and fit him into it, perfectly, is the only question. If it cannot be answered satisfactorily, then what is the use of any system of education?"

Here was a wonderfully frank statement of the nature of "efficiency." It indicated a departure from the old ideal of Germany; but it has its parallel in nearly all nations, and is as old as the system of caste in its earliest and its most ruthless forms. To have it so rudely stated in the twentieth century in the beautiful city that was Goethe's birthplace, the city of flowers and palms and wonderful music, was like hearing the growl of a wild beast in Paradise.

"Ha!" cried our frank exponent half-amused and half-vexed by our discomfort. "All that is quite simple. You have a plan, have you not, before you set out to do even petty things—a method, a means to an end of any kind? Well, a nation must have officers, craftsmen, engineers, peasants to till the soil. And it is vital that it should, to make them good—better than other people's—the very best! But to make a good Bauer or peasant you give a certain kind of education. One can't give that unless one understands it, and sticks to it, and gives nothing else. To make an officer another education is required. We don't want our peasants to go into the gymnasia. You don't want, excuse me, to send yours to Oxford."

"We do—a little. And more every year we want—just that."

The German teacher opened his eyes wide. "It seems—national suicide," he said simply.

The room where these words were spoken was a very fine one, finely built and well equipped. Its great windows looked out on a courtyard and garden. Along the well-ordered paths passed a throng of blonde children, girls with thick plaits or crowns of hair, into which the sunlight sank as in ripe corn, and wearing thick-soled, tidy boots, and dark clean pinafores. In their hands they carried note-books. They had been using these at the cookery lessons, and the notes were clean and orderly, and, what is more, the scholars we knew understood what they had learned and would apply it.

The teacher broke the silence again and there was a note of pride in his voice.

"Food must be cooked and domestic work done. But, to do it well, one must be educated as a cook or a housewife. A tailor must learn his trade. He must be a clean and honest and skilful tailor. And a sweep must be a clean sweep, an efficient sweep, a good sweep. One of our great educationists, Kirschensteiner, has given the world a great example in the training of humble specialists. You are beginning to study his methods."

Yes, we were certainly beginning to copy them, as people do who have ceased to trust the power within them, and must therefore fly to the powers without. But there was something else which could not be copied. It was the spirit of what was best in the new order.

For—let the truth be spoken though the heavens fall—there was a genial, expectant, and altogether fraternal spirit abroad, a spirit confined within a strange, and powerful, and separating element, but still, a warm and kindly thing. The inspectors

and masters were on almost confidential terms with their young people, and the young people understood them like comrades. The clean scavenger talked to his boy helpers about "die Ordnung," and the railway-men, keeping to numerous rules faithfully, yet found means to help the market women packing their vegetables in roomy sacks. Only once we had rather a shock. "What makes a nation great?" asked a schoolmaster. And the massed classes (all huge and looking like small regiments) answered like one man or boy, "Macht!" The word rang out like a pistol-shot. The boys closed their lips after uttering it, and looked stony. One thing alone broke up the impression of efficiency. There was always a doubtful odour escaping from underground drains and wandering over orderly streets. The drainage of Stuttgart is not so good as that of London.

That virtue and kindliness that was everywhere was extended to the stranger. Impossible to imagine a more frank and genial hospitality. Yet always and everywhere it was imprisoned, or rather localized, in a vehement feeling which was hard to define or understand. The people had become conscious of all the virtues and graces of life as tamed things, small, useful, lovable, degenerate even in face of a reality that surrounded and over-arched them all. The once soaring idealism of the race was clipped. It was yoked and harnessed to an invisible car, driven by invisible hands. Also there was an atmosphere of hopefulness, but it was not contagious. It had nothing in common with the tip-toe moving joy and free-soaring hope of America. It reminded one of the German church towers which never become

spires, but stop midway towards heaven in square walls of masonry, like suspended tubs. But this joy animated every face and permeated the shops, inns, homes, and beer-gardens.

Citizens were precious. They were saved and nurtured in a wonderful variety of ways that seemed to fit every order of adversity. The motherless child was "mothered" in flats and homes that fathers paid for, and that gave him the kind of service he needed under the circumstances.¹ Crèches of every order abounded, and also institutions and ventures that recalled not at all any of the older kinds of charity. One crèche was almost regal in its provisions, fittings, and service. (It was unpleasant, after all, reeking of gold and antiseptics.) Another supplied only the essentials. No matter. Each was serving Germany and preserving citizens. If only all had been well underground. . . .

This eager service and help were recent. I remember seeing multitudes at a great fête near Mannheim, and remarking that a great number of the older children bore signs of early rickets. Swiftly the change had come. The Reformers were everywhere, and they made haste.*

One of the busiest towns of all was Ludwigs-hafen. Its long streets and squares of chemical factories humming all day long with the tread and

* Germany never despised any advance in English social life. An example of this was brought home to me in 1896. In that year an agitation for school baths was carried on in Bradford. A leaflet on Hygiene and Cleanliness was sent out into the schools. It had been carefully and tactfully written. England ignored the whole effort, but not so Germany. She had the leaflet translated and circulated in her schools, and she started to build school baths by the thousand.

voice and labour of unresting workers ; its tall chimneys staining the blue with curious dark smoke at all hours. But all this eagerness, and haste, and tireless effort was intensified a hundredfold about the region of the barracks, which was the heart and centre of the whole city.

The soldiers told the hours almost better than the faithful old clocks which struck in garrulous competition all the hours and quarters. One heard the click of their spurs and the tramping of their horses in the mellow early light of the August morning ere one had opened one's eyes on the new day. The busy people who could not linger at the iron railings of the parade ground were conscious of long lines of uniformed men doing their grotesque goose step solemnly, facing and turning and marching while the officers and sergeants uttered explosive words of command. It was a prodigious illustration of intensive effort and thought carried on all day long by millions and sustained by one knew not what common and inner impulse.

And they were successful in a bewildering manner. The peasants of Oberturkheim, in their brand-new schools with splendid baths, were a new order of peasants now. The defective children in the Mannheim schools, taught by a man of genius, were not doing the work of old-time defectives. The very horses (at Elberfeld) ceased to be the old order of "lower" animals. The people shed the habits and prejudices of a lifetime and of long generations, with virgin hopes and trust in their rulers taking up a new life. What is more, they stopped at new barriers—never becoming more than they were called on to be, restraining their own

growth, restraining all great as well as mean impulses. What did it all mean? We did not know then. But now we know. This miracle was done as a preparation for war.

On the grey evening when the train entered the great London station a porter whistled as he went down the platform. It was good to hear him. Good to see the carriages with no "Verboten" written up, but simple warnings of what might happen if you chose as a free agent to run your head into danger. Good to think that, underground, the arrangements were rather creditable. Good to be at home—in the home of freedom. Only rejoicing was tempered in the streets, where ragged, unkempt children played in the gutter, where sickness and poverty ran their course unchecked. Strange, too, the absence of a certain joy and pride in work to which we had grown accustomed. Here in Merry England a certain order of joy was lacking, though the joy of freedom was in the streets.

Years later, when the storm burst, we can come to ponder this conversation. Not only Britain, but also Germany was in the crucible. And then we learned that efficiency is not enough—that it is the spirit that inspires every reform which determines its value.

Has Germany, willing the servitude of the masses, made the age-long blunder of those who work for power over others? The first effect of the war was to make a new demand on the initiative and human quality of the common man, and the next was to deal a shattering and sudden blow at the whole caste system as such. The caste system melts before the awful realities of war like lead in a furnace, and

in the furnace walks one that has the form of a man claiming equal share in death and service, if not in recompense with all his social betters. And who are his betters? Only those who are in the forefront of battle, and bearing the greatest hardships, risks, and sufferings. Clean sweeps! Tidy bakers! Docile carpenters! The war has shown us how small a part of his whole nature can even a poor soul embody in his trade to-day. Work has become highly specialized. But the nation that specializes its human units to fit a system stands condemned at last even after a thousand victories.

Certainly England could not congratulate herself. She willed the real uplifting of the people as little as she willed (in German fashion) their enslavement. She sent a great many deputations abroad, almost persuaded to imitate at last, and to make her educational system look something like a jay decked out with other birds' feathers.

And now She is in the furnace. There is a man there, but it is not a humble specialist any longer; and *he* it is who must aid her to find bolder aims and newer and native systems when the day of adventures in a new order of Peace has come.

Storm.

It came when winter was over, and dawns broke early, with the singing of birds. The floods were its herald. They made the fields as lakes and the roads into rivers, but then it came, putting out all the stir and music of spring as a robber's hand might put out a light. With loud cries, with deep undertones that never ceased or weakened, it swept over the land. Nothing was more unexpected than

was its way of treating the living things in its path.

The great Wellingtonian fir rocked, lifting her drooping branches, and appearing strangely like a tall woman in torment. The chestnuts, with their large buds, showed bare stumps where the storm had torn away their limbs and scattered their fruit untimely. The elms where the rooks build stood firm, but the older elms fell and the great fir-tree near the roadside, with its wealth of huge and shining cones, lay uprooted. The beds of the fallen trees were shallow, for the roots had snapped off short after bearing the strains of two hundred winters. But even the young crocuses and the tiny scillas did not suffer at all, and the grass flung off its snowy covering in a night and shone like emerald in the morning. Men came and bargained over the fallen giants in the morning, and workmen came later and cut them into logs for the burning. Groups of children climbed over the larger branches and gathered twigs and broken splinters of wood for their mothers. "I never had so much firewood all at once," said the little widow at the end of the lane. But as the terrible night closed in the children shuddered. The little boy, whose father is at the war, broke down and cried bitterly: "The storm frightens me!" he sobbed, as he lay in bed. "It is worse than the dark."

Wild as it was, however, it seemed a small thing as compared with that other storm that is raging—war. Wounded soldiers drove through the flowing waters on the day after the tempest to drink tea in a friend's house. They carried their wounds gaily. Feet frozen black in Serbia, shattered

shoulders, lost limbs and crippled bodies, what are these things in face of the valiant, exalting life that gives itself for love? If there were sad faces they were not among the sufferers. These were like the torn trees, capable of new growth, and showing what was less their wounds than the bared path and sources of abounding life. Among them there was a large sprinkling of students and musicians. They had formed choirs and had brought a sheaf of glees and chants. In a moment the large room was athrob with the sweetness of violins pouring into the silvery flow of tenors, the splendour of baritones, and the triumphant beauty of a woman's voice. All the pity, all the sorrow, all the flippant, garrulous goodwill represented in that vast assembly was at once sublimated and ennobled by the flood of song, lifted on its wings and carried into a rarer and light-drenched atmosphere of purity and hope. Nothing was here for tears, nothing to beat the breast. To their hosts the wounded offered no hint of the sorrow of terrible nights, but only the joy that cometh in the morning.

Our task to-day is to interpret aright that storm and that music—or follow the way of other nations into dust and forgetfulness. It is not a very easy task, and it will not be carried out by a mere reversal to the old shibboleths, however emphasized and even varied, of the days that ended in August 1914. Before August 1914 England, half-asleep, believed that she could postpone the solution of every educational problem almost indefinitely. She could talk about Infant Mortality for years, while the infants were dying in tens of thousands. She could discuss child labour as if it was a very mild kind

of social weakness, a thing to be done away with in fifty or a hundred years. And it did not seriously matter to her that two-thirds of all her children were taught in classes of forty, fifty, and sixty! For thirty years or thereabout she "educated" her people's children without even asking if they were diseased, suffering, or hungry. It is absurd to say, or to think, that she was in earnest. Whatever her partial successes may have been, her wind-falls through gifted teachers here and there, she was not thinking seriously about education. She is now terribly preoccupied, but she can never sleep as before.

The storm has no respect for even splendid institutions whose roots are rotten through age or from other causes. The most splendid products of great periods will become the playthings of to-morrow's children. But in small, humble things there may be a life that will reconstruct a greater world, and the storm will strengthen it. Supposing now that the thing called Democracy is more than a mere phrase, a mere word to be bandied about and to adorn a speech now and again, it must come to birth at last. If it was here as a living thing it would be impatient of weak delays and discouragement, the wastage of child life, and intelligence could not go on any more. It would find materials and go about changes and reconstructive reform in earnest, the power and the will to make it a new England would be here.

Just now we are told that the engineers of England are to be "unleashed" to invent and construct airships that will make "Zeppelins" appear as the blind, clumsy monsters of primeval ages were to

the lithe grace and swiftness of a thoroughbred. The will and power* of educational reformers also might be unleashed. And (here is the crux of the whole matter) already the means of saving all the children of the Empire and of giving them a long and vigorous training are to hand. We know how it can be done. We know what it would cost. We know that we could pay for it. No shred of doubt and mystery but is torn now like a veil. All that is needed is that we should welcome the glittering hopes of Democracy as of a sunlit sea, fearing and denying no tiniest wavelet of that light ocean.

Outside the great window children are picking up huge cones from the fallen tree. "Can we plant it again?" asked a little child. "No, you can't," said a Northumbrian. "But no matter. It was keeping the flowers from the light here. Nothing would grow in that shadow. Look, now!" and he pointed to a strip of woodland. Yesterday it was dark and dank. But now, between the thick walls of foliage a great path of light was opened, and in this cleared way a bird flew, silver-winged below the dazzling gold and azure of the laughing sky.

Every one felt a certain relief, though the fallen tree was not forgotten—a stirring of joy and hope in the presence of Nature who repairs her ravages, and of a Power, less known, less acknowledged, who transmutes loss into gain.

II

ECONOMICS AND WASTE

WHAT is this England which was overtaken suddenly by war?

It was a strange nation, and blind. It was a nation wandering on the edge of danger. If any one doubts this, let him think of our first thought on Economy.

Twice within the past few days an appeal has reached us. It suggests that we buy no more motor-cars, dismiss our men - servants, give up entertaining in a sumptuous way, and refrain from spending fortunes on clothes. All these items mean something wonderful. They are charged with amazing truths about the life and social order of England. They let us know, quite naïvely, that in "peace" time some women spend thousands of pounds on their toilette, on automobiles, and that they can, and do, engage able-bodied men in splendid liveries to wait on them.

One may not join that league of abstinence. But it is well that it is formed. Perhaps when war is over, the world no longer a great shambles, that innocent, ardent, amazingly naïve league will still live on and prosper, and even change under the impulse of growth into a new and greater

thing. But if duchesses are bent on new economics, women at the opposite end of the social order are often bent on nothing of the sort. Economy indeed ! A great many poor women are past-masters in the art of saving. They are the experts of the food markets, the managers who can work miracles with a shilling. They save as they have always saved in war and in peace time. But the order of life is not changed in the darker places of the city merely because sons and husbands are away at the Front. Great drays, laden with barrels, are always coming up our streets and yielding up their huge burdens at the cheerful signs of crowded public-houses. What is the use of denying that women pour into these houses, and even stand in long rows before the doors drinking, drinking, drinking, with a thirst that is never quenched ? The sale of vodka is forbidden in Russia. But here, though there is saving in luxuries, there is no restriction on the sale of poison. So our economies are on a very small scale. They are pitiable. We do not economize in the greater ways, but only in the lesser.

On the Christmas Eve following the war a great many young women drank and caroused late in the streets. Poor creatures ! No. Some were rich—yes, rich in character and spirit. Some are young girls who help to keep homes together, and some are mothers. But they had no chance, made no Quest in Youth, and have approached the dazzling Mission of Motherhood with no thrill of joy or expectation. Surely one cannot say they are poor whose wealth is all stamped down under the heel of our Commercial Era.

Economy.

Eleanorah Ann was once a frequenter of the dram-shop. But she was saved through a Salvation Army captain, and she began at once to "economize" in many new ways. A tall, dark, slight woman, young still, and with a very graceful carriage that makes one look at her as she walks along in her second-hand clothes, and big, dusty hat. She was an expert in saving even before her conversion. She could buy meat and vegetables for a trifle by going to the right shop at the right time, and she got her clothes from a second-hand shop at wonderful prices—when she was steady. Hers was a tragic life, small savings, great wastefulness. But after her conversion she saved on the grand scale. She gave up drinking. The devils of a mad craving raged within her, but she quenched their cries in the song of her redeemed soul. And as she is young, her hands became at once steady, and steady and beautiful were her dark, grave eyes. Her children looked at her wonderingly, and held their peace, thinking they were in Paradise.

Strange it was to see the sudden gathering and expansion of the new and strong life. All the wealth of a richly dowered nature began to unfold itself silently, visibly, and with the luxuriant bloom of a huge sunflower lifting its head above narrow enclosures, and meeting the gloom of dim streets with the ardour and gold of late summer. Eleanorah smiled on her children. She smiled on her untidy neighbours. She sat up late with their ailing little ones, and tended the old paralysed woman at the end of the street. But that was not all. These

were indeed only a few gifts of something great and close and healing that radiated from her. The poor débris of humanity at the public-house doors began to feel some stirring of hope. Her soft eyes rested on them every day with more and more healing power. In faster and longer waves her sweet humanity poured over the wasted lives around her. Eleanorah was "saving."

She had her own way, too, of hoarding. She prayed. She practised, quite unconsciously, the methods of the saints, of old, the great psychologists who span the rapids of modern thought, who make a bridge over it, holding out their hands to the Science of the future. Out of her fullness soon she gave freely, never impatient, never bankrupt even at night. And then one day she met the spoiler and her hoard was lost.

He took her unawares, when the outer bulwarks were shaken by a long day's washing. And with smiles! For it was an old friend who met her, rejoicing, because her son had come back on leave. There was a moment of struggle when Eleanorah remembered her new treasure, but what is treasure in this street? There are no spiritual constables to guard the hoards of such as Eleanorah! She drank with the crowd of bankrupt women around her. She drank and lost what she had saved for months.

So the hoardings went. The new clothes and bedding, the crockery, and the two or three trinkets that meant something to Eleanorah. But the hidden treasure was not all lost beyond recall, for Eleanorah began to hoard again. Yes. Though the spoiler is all round her like the hungry sea, though the shining wealth of a great race is stamped

into the grime. Waste, waste, waste, on every hand. Waste of spiritual power on the grand scale. Waste as of Niagara flinging away its power like a mad giant. That our England to-day—even to-day. Eleanorah is saving again.

Waste.

It goes on in the Clinic.

The bright April sunshine pours through the open windows and rests on the heads of the great crowd of women and children gathered there. The women are tired. Most of the children are suffering from skin disease or eye complaints. Blight, broken chilblains, wounds that will not heal, such as we have grown used to in these six or seven long years, and which, strenuous as are the efforts put forth by nurses and doctors, do not, in our district at least, grow less in number as years go by. The girls, in woolly caps and dim raiment, with the light of youth in their faces, see nothing strange in all this. It is all in the natural order of things, like whooping-cough and measles, rent day and the rigours of the law. A limping boy, with a pale but radiant face, acts as doorkeeper. And yet—

Vague wonder stirs a few women, floating below the surface of the mind like seaweed below a foam of waters. It never rises upward through the foam and tumult of life, never leaps into the sunshine of conscious hope and sparkling thought. Dim in the underworld it abides—and indeed the pressure and business of life go on with such unending strife and effort, and seriousness, that it looks as if nothing *could* rise about that surface tumult in any number of years.

Upstairs, in the treatment-room, this pressure of work goes on for other people as well as mothers. Before her big cupboard with wide doors Nurse comes and goes, speaking kind words now and again, but absorbed and silent for the most part, bandaging, syringing, dropping healing things into red eyes and on swollen eyelids, measuring physics, examining wounds. Under her wide white cap her face wears a grave, intent look. The work keeps her hands busy. Below all this coming and going, however, there is yet another life, deeper, stronger, where great shadows flit, and which is visited by loftier hopes.

"You're doin' a great work, miss," said a tall, handsome young woman, whose child's eyes have been cured for the fifth time in one year.

Nurse's eyes grow wide. She looks up, hesitates for a moment, and does not open her lips. "A great work," she says at last. "This!"

The woman looks up startled.

"Yes. This," she says. "O' course. This!"

The room is silent but for the murmuring echo of voices below.

"Well, ain't it a great work," argues the mother, "to save them pore things from sich torments? I calls it great whatever other people thinks or says."

"But it isn't great," says the nurse quietly, "it's a waste of time."

The woman did not speak. She felt indignation as well as surprise. It was as if one had blasphemed all the holiest things on earth—love, devotion, self-sacrifice, humility, service, courage. No! not courage. Courage looked out of the worker's eyes now, and was not blasphemed.

"Waste of time, indeed!" cried the mother, yielding in her haste to a surface emotion. "To help them pore little things out of their troubles! Well! I'd like to hear any one but you tell me that."

"You see," said nurse slowly, "I have treated nine hundred and twenty-seven cases of minor ailment in three months. Seven hundred and twenty-three of these were back with the same diseases within ten weeks."

Silence fell on the listener. She could offer no word. "And then," pursued the gentle, patient, relentless voice, "there are the long, long treatments of things that should be cured in a week, less than a week. The months of bandaging, and lotioning, and syringing—months, when all could be settled in days."

The limping boy with the radiant face shut the door to at this moment, as an intimation that the stream of patients had ceased.

"Why, Jimmy!" cried the mother; "you can walk. You're foot's healed up. Well, I never! And then to tell me," she went on indignantly, "that this here work is nuthin' but waste o' time. Sich foolishness. Here's Nurse worked *months* to get him well, and she done it at last."

"It wasn't done by months of labour," said the nurse quietly. "The doctor tried everything, and he was no better. He came here daily for five months. Then two weeks ago we sent him into camp and gave him a dinner every day. His foot healed in little more than a week."

A girl sat down, at this point, in the treatment chair, to have her ears syringed. The mother

stared at her in a kind of bewilderment. "She's bin coming a long time," she said. "I knew that. A very long time."

Nurse filled her syringe and said nothing. Like a great wave advancing slowly and smiting a wall at last, the truth had been coming on throughout the past half-hour quietly, relentlessly, with growing momentum, and the mother saw it.

"You dunno, I suppose, how long it would take to cure her, supposin' she had what is wanted?" she asked timidly.

"Just three days."

"Well, I'm done!" cried the woman, letting her arms fall. A great rumbling and shouting downstairs announced at this point the arrival of the drugs van. Jim and the others greeted it joyfully. They ran down at once and helped to carry in the huge bottles and packages. All the people in the waiting-room looked on with approval. A newspaper boy in the street cried out the latest war news.

Education after the War.

So much is being written and said on this subject that it is impossible to read it all, and that is a pity. For it should all be interesting—all that is not hearsay and tradition. We have to fall back on naïve observation of the actual for nearly all real progress and discovery. From this we have to evolve new theory and determine new practice, reminding ourselves that great as were the thinkers who came before us, none of them were in anything like the circumstances in which we find ourselves to-day. "Science," cry many voices, "is to

be the keynote of the education of to-morrow." These assume as a rule that Germany has won in this field, or is, in any case, far in front. Germany is still on her trial as regards Science and everything else, and her future looks very grey. The fulminations of her learned preachers must give pause to her admirers. In their dreadful mauling of the highest spiritual teaching they recall the fumbling ministers of a primeval age, when Nature was not in sight of achieving Humanity. They certainly do not recall the great humanist and scientist, Goethe. They make us almost forget he was a German. As for the humanists they have spoiled their case by exclusiveness. Humanism! the very word is redolent of cloistered and exclusive precincts—halls of leisure and colleges that the vulgar do not enter. It is clear that a highly humanized society, capable of producing a great literature, would be also capable of rapid scientific advance, such as would compare with the pace of even German scientists as the eagle's calm flight compares with the pace of an excited horse.

Why does England want precedents and examples? Her great need to-day is the power to do without these, the power to advance at a pace that puts mere emulation out of courts as an incentive. The pioneers in science feel the chill and withering breath of a wide-spread indifference that rises from below. Their advance is checked by a thousand influences and reasons that all have one common origin—the exclusion and ignorance of the indifferent masses. As for the claims of literature, it is certain that never had a

generation had so many gifts of books and libraries, though the effect of this profusion is not always what was intended by the donors. Books imply the power of selection, and this power had to be won like any other, by use and opportunity.

Let any one stand in front of a class of sixty ill-fed, ill-dressed, and more or less ailing children, and he will find that the task of teaching even the three R's opens up problems that are not to be solved easily by the most learned and illustrious kind of amateur! If our elementary education fails, it is not because the teachers cannot teach; it is rather because spoiled material is put into their hands, and they were not even allowed to deal with it or acknowledge it as spoiled.

Then the new Era dawned when recording and relief work was permitted, when a new Medical Board was established at Whitehall. The doctor and nurse were at last made free to enter the schools.

But the recording can go on too long. People get fond of it, and come to believe it is something more than information. I once heard an enthusiast say he could go on doing it twenty years. Twenty years to get ready to make a start! It is impossible to think that a sane and impoverished nation will listen to such talk.

In the Remedial Drill Clinic we soon began to see that the very poor could not take hold of the new help and training. The finer drill we offered was of little use to *them*. And the drug and lotion treatment of preventible disease is also an expensive kind of farce.

How long shall we continue it? Even speech-

training is a fine thing, but it must go on with other things. You see now and then a gallant child who will tackle it under any kind of circumstances. But not often. It is so rare that I must tell you of one—the only *very* poor child we ever had who made rapid progress.

A Conqueror.

One day the bells and clocks of St. Nicholas rang and struck the midday hour with a kind of joyful and welcoming unanimity. Kling-clang, Ding-dong, Ping-ping-ping they cried jubilantly, and the children, pouring out from all the huge, prison-like schools, swelled the congratulations. Out into the vivid June light poured the streams of children, big and little, rosy and pale, shabby and well-to-do, running, talking, laughing, escaping. For it is noon, the pivot hour of the day.

Out of the gate of one big playground a dark-eyed little fellow of six came with the others. He did not join in the merry chatter. He did not even speak to any one or join any group. Drawing his cap over his head he set off down the street at a brisk pace, threading his way through the traffic at High Street, and then, beginning to run, stopped finally under the porch of a small house, and knocked at the door with all the force of a tiny fist. Admitted at once, he walked in with the air of a responsible person, bent on a very serious errand.

"Well, sonny!" cried the cheerful, elderly caretaker. The child did not answer. He took a small chair, removed his cap, and stood waiting.

The caretaker, a motherly woman, looked at him gravely.

"Come for your lesson, Teddy?"

"Yeth," lisped the child softly.

The good woman went away and left him alone. The riotous sunshine fell in through the gaping shutters in a flood of gold. It left the corners in shadow, but poured over the little figure seated near the table, and showed up every detail of hand and head and profile. It is a beautiful child figure that it covers with gold—slim, flexible hands, delicate ears, a shapely head, and straight forehead. The perfect witness is given by the dark eyes, patient and calm, yet with a kind of trouble in their depths.

Teddy is not idle. He moves his lips in soundless speech, and then begins certain lip exercises. He practises them long, making strange gestures. At last the silence is broken.

"M-m-may."

"F-r-r-rankie."

"Er-r-nest."

"Ed"—a convulsion of the lips, and at last "oo-ard."

Triumph sits on the speaker's brow. He smiles, and a flush rises to his pale cheeks. Then, after a while, he whispers a new word.

"St-r-r-ong!" It is very difficult. But he goes on again, grasping the chair-arms till his thin knuckles stand out white. The golden silence is rent at last by a long, slow, perfect utterance.

"I am a strong man."

"Ted," cried a ringing voice, and the door opened. A young girl stood in the doorway. Her dark hair is massed on the top of her head like a crown, and her eyes as beaming with joyful congratulations. She wears sandals and a loose blue overall, and the

rose of abounding health and youth is on her face. "Ted," she cried, "I have heard. How splendid!"

Ted looks at her, and his troubled eyes light up. For him she is no teacher, but the deliverer. Her voice, her hand are as the voice and hand of one who stretches across a great chasm and seizes the traveller clinging to a slippery edge.

"Say it again. I am a——"

But he cannot. Joy has sealed his lips and choked his utterance.

Nevertheless the lesson begins, and he is soon hard at work. In spite of all kinds of difficulties and obstacles, his fine responsive mind answers to the keen, deep glancing intelligence of his teacher, and during the next twenty minutes they are united in efforts and work that makes a great breach in the enemy's line. They struggle together, they fail, they rise again, they conquer. Flushed at last they stand looking at one another, not like teacher and pupil, but like two comrades. A clock on the mantel strikes one.

"What about dinner, Ted?" asks the teacher.

"I will go home," said the child. "Father is in work now."

Out he goes into the radiant sunshine. Hurrying down the main street he turns into a network of lanes and by-ways, passing women gossiping in doorways, and little children a-sprawl on filthy pavement. An intolerable smell rises from gutters and gratings underfoot, and yet no one is at all incommoded or annoyed. The blue flower of the sky shines above all this impurity, stainless, and lovely as over fields and hedgerows ablaze with roses. Down a long alley Ted plunges, turning in at a filthy doorway

and mounting a staircase where every other smell is overpowered for the time being by an escape of gas. At the door of the uppermost room (wedged in the roof) he knocks and is admitted. So dark, so dank and musty is it that one has a sensation of rain falling through refuse. Nothing that purifies is admitted here. The sun might be darkened for all one knows. A woman sits at a table dishevelled and crying.

"It's no use, Ted. He didn't get the job. I ain't been able to get anythin', only the bone we picked clean yesterday."

The child said nothing. Used to shocks and misfortune, he stood idly by his mother's chair.

"You might er gone to the school-dinner," she said, rousing herself. "Why didn't you?"

"I—couldn't," he answered briefly, not caring to go into the question of attendances and marks with his mother. He understood very well that nothing could be done, and speech was still an ordeal for him.

"Well, if you won't eat, you'd best be off to school. P'raps they'll give you somefin', and I'll try to get a bloater for tea. Your Aunt Chloe might give me a penny."

The street looked dark to Ted when he came out, though the sun shone so radiantly. He passed the women (who looked at him curiously) without turning his head, and reached the school-yard as the clocks were striking two. Across the asphalt and up the stone stairs to the big classroom he went. Near the door was a table with many bowls full of roses. (The teacher was a country woman and an ardent lover of roses. "I must have them,"

she said, "in June, anyhow.") Their perfume recalled the speech lesson for some reason or other. It revived all those pleasurable and vivid feelings that accompanied the stirrings of conscious power and conquest. He looked at the red and white splendour, and scented the tea-roses on the desk, and he did not feel weak and dizzy any more.

"Why, here you are, Ted!" cried the teacher. "Back from dinner, and speech training. Can you speak better to-day?"

Ted looked at her. His eyes filled, but his lips did not tremble. And he spoke out clearly, slowly, proclaiming his hard-won victory, "I am a strong man."

III

THE SCHOOL CLINIC

NOT that all medical work is merely palliative. Not that we want no records.

The year 1908 saw the opening of the first School Clinics. Bradford led the way early in March, but it was late in the year (owing to various delays) when the first London School Clinic began its work at Bow. It had the reluctant sanction of the London County Council, for it was started in a tiny upper room of a large London County Council Infant School in Dover Street. The experiment was paid for by Mr. Joseph Fels, who in 1904 offered me £5,000 to finance a scheme for a Health Centre, which was drawn up in that year. Being very anxious to work with the authorities, I induced Mr. Fels (not without difficulty) to offer both money and scheme to the London County Council. The reception of this offer was strange. Owing to some blunder in the office the letter was not allowed to reach the Committee for a long time. We waited in vain—for five months—and then wrote to the Chairman. His astonishment knew no bounds. He lost no time, however, in investigating the matter, and we were at once invited to meet the equally astonished Education Committee (who had never

heard of the offer), and put our case. The interview was a long one; but at the end of it the Committee, under the influence, perhaps, of the officialism that had delayed the receipt of the letter, rejected the scheme, but offered to accept the money and to build two school Baths with it. (Baths were a very essential part of our scheme.) One official observed that £5,000 was a very small sum, and that nothing more was possible. It was now our turn to feel surprised, and I have thought over all the facts for years without yet arriving at a full understanding of them. Five thousand pounds would have been ample for the building of many Baths, and would have paid for the running of five large Health Centres for at least five years!

Mr. Fels withdrew his offer, and very shortly afterwards threw himself into the agitation for Land Reform, which swallowed up all his available capital. He did not again offer me £5,000, but he financed the Clinic at Bow, which was afterwards removed to and became part of the Health Centre of Deptford. He gave me in the course of the years 1908-14 about £1,600 to finance these Clinics, and without his help they could not have been started.

The Bow Clinic must have proved a blessing to some suffering children. It was a failure, bitter and misleading, from every other point of view, for at the end of the year, on balancing the expenditure and receipts, I found that the cost of treatment averaged about seven shillings and sixpence per child. The hospitals charged five shillings, and the rate-payers, at that time, were not nearly so keen on treatment as to pay for it on a generous scale. On visiting the Clinic, however, I found that only

five or six children attended on some afternoons, though the doctor was ready and willing to treat thirty or forty ! The supply of cases was, for some reason or other, restricted, in spite of the crowd of sufferers in every school. I removed the Clinic to Deptford, and began work in St. Nicholas' Vestry, which was lent, free of rent, by the Greenwich Council. My income at that time was £400 per annum.

Our first experiences were not all very happy. We began by trying to make friends with the influential people of the neighbourhood. We wrote to the ecclesiastical guides of the people. Only one answered, and we made him the chairman, but before the first bills were paid or cards issued, he said he must have a written and signed document from Mr. Fels, saying that he (Mr. Fels) would be responsible. Mr. Fels, whose word was always as good as his bond, replied in language that I cannot possibly reproduce, but which has remained indelibly fixed in my memory. Later we wrote to an influential lady and asked her to come on the Committee, but she said she would go "only to people who were truly disinterested." I think she afterwards used the Clinic, but we never ventured to address her again. Worst of all, our secretary, who was very sensitive, resigned on the spot !

In spite of all these untoward events, the Clinic prospered exceedingly. Never did a lustier child begin its life in a troubled atmosphere. We had two doctors : one of these was Dr. Eder, our eye specialist and true friend through many years of pioneer work. We had a full-time nurse at £100 per annum, Also a teacher of remedial drill, who

came to us in the first four months for a nominal salary. These, with the caretaker, made a staff of six persons. Economy was necessary, for Mr. Fels never renewed his offer of £5,000. The dentist had, in the first months, a salary at the rate of £300 a year, and the doctors were paid at the usual rate of a guinea per session.

"How," it will be asked, "could you manage all this on £400?" It was not necessary to run the Clinic long on that sum.

After six months' work I published our first report. It was the most important we have ever published—indeed, I venture to say the most important ever published on School Clinic work. For it gave the actual cost of treatment, which worked out now that we had a full attendance, not at 7s., but at 2s. 9d. per head. Indeed, it fell many weeks below this figure, and the L.C.C., and also Parliament itself, realized that there was no reason for delaying the treatment of ailing school-children any longer.

In March 1911 I received a grant from the L.C.C. of 2s. for every dental case, and also £300 towards the dentist's salary, now £350. For three successive years the L.C.C. grant was raised. In 1912 we had 2s. for eye and ear cases, and in 1913 minor ailments were paid for at a rate of 4d. per head. In 1915 we received £1,400 per annum. All the Clinic work was paid for by the L.C.C. from this date, though, owing to the extension of the work (the Camps) voluntary help had to be sought and given.

* * * * *

It is pleasant to look back on these early years. A crowd of happy memories live in the "Upper

Room " that was at once our nursery, dentistry, and consulting-room. We all thought—and still think—that it was a beautiful room, with its wide, sunny windows facing the waving foliage of the churchyard; its queer, convenient corners, specially designed as it seemed for us, and its double staircase! Every article of furniture seemed beautiful to us—the wonderful cupboards and folding tables and nursery chairs; the pictures, all of which were gifts from loving friends. Mr. Day, of Norwich, crowned all these by walking into the Royal Academy and buying for us Dvořák's "Guardian Angel." How many weary and sad eyes have brightened as they rested on the glorious Angel of the New Day looking down on the Children of Suffering and Poverty.

Never was such a wonderful staff. They turned every difficulty and limitation into the means of a new discovery and triumph. "It is a great advantage," said our medical officer, "to work in the same room as the dentist. No sooner do we find that a child needs to have his teeth attended to than we speak to our colleague, the dentist, who is close at hand. That is a great advantage." "What a fine thing it is to have a fully trained nurse always in the room," said the dentist from his post by the largest window. "It is a wonderful boon. It couldn't be a more convenient or cheerful room!" As time went on it became certain that there could not be a happier room.

The children knew it, and they came not only in school-hours, but after. As the short winter day ended and the outside street grew more bitterly dark and cold, they trooped upstairs to Nursie, and round the cheery fire, while she tended the wounds

or sores of one and another, they told her all the joys and sorrows of their brief, sad lives. She always knew who was going to have a "new" second-hand coat, and who could not have anything for the present. She knew who had lost relatives, and all the sad details of life and death in the crowded warrens of the poor. It had been prophesied that the place would be a dreadful spot where "they pulled your teeth out." Few could conceive of any other form of dental treatment.

It became a real centre of joy and hope, the only "home" that many desolate little patients ever knew. To get well had its shadow side—you came no more to the Clinic. "Oh, Nursie, I don't feel *quite* well," said one and another on the eve of discharge. "Please, Nurse, I still have a pimple," cried Jane when she was cured of all her ills!

* * * * *

Early in 1911 Mr. John Evelyn of Deptford came into the Clinic and offered us a house rent free. We were puzzled at that time to know how to deal with the throat and nose cases that needed an operation, and could not be treated in hospital. We gratefully accepted the free tenancy of the house in Evelyn Street, and called it by the owner's historic name—a name identified not only with the history of Deptford, but with England. We fitted up a small operating-room, and turned the old "drawing-room" into a ward. This adaptable room was, during five days of the week, turned into a remedial drill-room, with plinth, ribstalls, etc., and here Miss Riddell began a new chapter in her work, finding a ready supply of new patients from the

adenoid and tonsil cases. She had up to the present been giving remedial drill at free hours in the waiting-room, but the steady increase of Clinic patients made this at last impossible.

Thanks to the first year's grant of £800 from the L.C.C., I was now able to offer Miss Riddell a salary of £120, and also to meet the expenses of a new house, which at first were not large.

"And now surely you are happy!" cried an enthusiast. No. As the days went by and the work became organized, it began to dawn on us all that the Day of Rejoicing was far off, not only for us, but for the nation. Like people becoming used to darkness, one could begin to see, and the things that became visible were not merely sorrowful in themselves; they suggested a vast nether-world of darkness, stretching far away, and with no visible horizon where light might break to-morrow. Our patients were drawn from a very large area, and children of every degree (there is no class that shows such a number of degrees as the working class) came, as well as a goodly number—mostly dental or remedial cases—of middle-class patients. These last benefited greatly by the Clinic. The well-dressed boys and neatly shod girls who came, attended by careful and anxious mother, to Miss Riddell's Clinic made splendid cures, while the poorer children made little or no progress. Even when they attended regularly, their muscular systems were so poor, and they had so little vitality, that they could not respond to the most skilful treatment.

Often in the treatment-room of the Clinic a well-to-do mother, entering with her child, would look around her for a moment with astonishment. This

world was new to her. The suffering of countless children struck on her lone unconscious soul like a rude hand. She fumbled for her purse. In other women the place aroused a kind of anger that never flared into words, and that was always checked by something else. They looked furious, and then gazed around with infinite pity. The poor could not be hidden away here. This was their place. They came in at all hours, their numbers were so large that they gave its predominating character to the Clinic, and especially to the waiting-room. They poured into the waiting-room, they streamed into the treatment-room at all hours of the day, and nearly always the case was so urgent that to delay treatment was cruel. The doctors and nurse never delayed, never refused. It was relief work in many cases—a kind of First Aid, but without any prospect of radical treatment later on.

The very poor and wretched have been 'described so often. They have been photographed very often, and I will neither describe nor photograph them. Surely there should come a moment when the morbid desire to *see* suffering shall be swept at last into the resolve to deliver. In the Disease lists of the Reports issued the number of preventable diseases, whose existence is ignored, whose very name could not figure in any Report on the health of children living in Mayfair, is at least *thirty*. Many of these ailments are very painful. All of them must give rise to great discomfort and irritation of the nervous system. They have been allowed to run riot among the children of a great section of the whole nation. How can one even form an idea of the amount of suffering and failure they represent?

"Here is the School Clinic at last," it may be said. "This will end all the misery!" What! End it—a Clinic? The roots of all this misery are so deep and strong that they will be wrenched up only by the joint effort of people of these islands acting together and with a *will*. School Clinics have done good. Thousands have already been saved from early and chronic ill-health through their help. The Clinics have been as the Eye of the Medical Service, detecting disease in its early stages, and as a sorting-house for hospital and schools. When they seem to fail it is because the agencies that should carry out preventive work fail. When years had passed, when the Clinic had become popular and had cured thousands and relieved tens of thousands, this dark truth emerged only the more clearly. Your drug bill represents waste. Your skilled teacher and nurse waste their time and energy. Your doctors are going round in a circle doing something that has been done a score of times already in vain. Let me give one example. In the three last months of 1913 our nurse treated 950 cases of skin disease. Within the same period 927 of these returned, after being cured, to have the same kind of disease treated by drug and lotion. Hundreds came back five and even six times within twelve months. Of what use is all this labour and expense? Who is benefited by it?

But the crowded waiting-room never changed at all. After seven years it was, and is still, the same. No. Not the same. Some diseases, such as scabies, are more widespread than ever. The Clinic is not responsible for this. It is not to blame that whereas last year we had seventy cases in three

months, we now have a hundred in the same period. But the Clinic's limitations are seen in this fact alone. The spectacle of our poorest children continues to chill and startle the visitor. "You should have two Clinics!" cried one member of a Care Committee. "One for the clean children and the other for the others."

We could not open two Clinics, but some of the children disappeared from the grim throng. We entered on a new kind of work. We shall tell the story of this new work in "The Girls' Camp" chapter. Meantime, a parenthesis chapter on Babies had better come here.

IV

THE BABY CAMP

AFTER the passing of the Act that made medical inspection compulsory, there was an awakening. Baby Welfare Centres, Infant Consultations, Baby Welcomes, and Clinics sprang up, also Schools for Mothers, and Maternity Centres. In Deptford, though we treated children under school age from the first at the School Clinic, we did not open a Baby Camp till 1914. This chapter, then, is a parenthesis, for we did not start here with preventive and constructive work, though probably we should have done so. Here is an old record of the children who first entered the Camp—87 in all—the eldest was five, and the youngest three months old. Nearly all the Clinic diseases appear in the disease column: "Tonsils, diseased glands, bad teeth, rickets, blepharitis, hernia, wasting, fits, rhinitis conjunctivitis, impetigo, cleft palate, bronchitis (chronic). Nearly every one of the 87 suffered from debility." Twenty-two had two distinct ailments; nine had three. Nine out of the 87 were put down "normal." Yet only a few were sent to Camp because they were ill. Most of them were supposed to be well—nothing wrong to speak of.

This Camp is the biggest of all. It is in a wide and sunny place, nearly an acre of ground,

and there is one very big shelter facing south. The Vacant Lot Cultivation people are making a kind of show allotment of the garden. It had been a "waste space"—that is, a new site unused. The L.C.C. bought it. Mr. Fels appealed to that body, begging it to let me use it. And the L.C.C. agreed. There was a little house which it let me have free of rent, which has been shaken and torn by Zeppelins, but is mended again.¹

It is the open space that matters. Our rickety children, our cramped, and even (in many cases) deformed children, get back to the earth with its magnetic currents, and the free blowing wind (if it blows too hard there is canvas to put up). To let them live at last and have the sight of people planting and digging, to let them run and work and experiment, sleep, have regular meals, the sights and sounds of winter and spring, autumn and summer, birds, and the near presence of mothers—to get these things we sacrificed everything else.

I suppose that the Camp is overlooked by at least thirty houses. And not from only the windows of the houses, but also through the chinks of the broken pailings along the street side people look in with eager faces. For the women and men going home from work like to look at the gay little figures dressed in rainbow colours. The girls from the works, however, do not stop. They go home arm-in-arm, absorbed, noisy at times, in the fevered quest of youth. Now and again, it is true, one young face appears at the chinks (and

¹ The Board of Education has voted £500 towards the extension, and the Camp and School are now (in June 1917) called the "Rachel McMillan Baby Camp and Nursery School."

also at the Clinic windows opposite) and gazes with wistful eyes at the children and the nurse. But this kind of girl is always an exceptional one, just as much an exception as is the mill-maiden who longs to write books, or the girl who can draw though she never learned.

In the evening a crowd of mothers used to come in. They wandered about the garden. They gathered in the shelter. They looked on at the bathing and dressing, feeding and play. Space at last. Fellowship at last, and under the open sky.

The Camp girls came down in the evening and went to bed in the new camp, and what with the birds and the good-mornings of the fresh-cheeked Camp girls and the babies it was gay enough.

The whole neighbourhood became a cradle for the Baby Camp. One day there was a thunder-storm. The heavens cracked and roared, the rain lashed down on the iron roof, the lightning flashed low and frequent. In the midst of the din women flocked to the gates, and men, too, came in to see "if we wanted anything." No, nothing was wanted. The babies slept like birds in a wet tree, and began to crow as soon as the storm rolled by. The sun shone out again. "Are you not afraid to have them out in the storm?" "Are you not afraid of burglars?" "Are you not afraid of the dark, and the cold?" No, in those days it did not occur to us to be afraid of those things. We are not afraid of them now. We know that, given any kind of reasonable human care and precaution, the storm will not harm babies. The dark will not hurt them. As for the people! No one could be safer than our babies in their doorless house.

It is as if the love of their parents got outside and filled the world.

I insert below a little record we kept of the progress made by Camp babies in the first summer, and also the short report written by the doctors of the Clinic.

BABY CAMP, SUMMER 1914

AVERAGE GAIN IN WEIGHT PER WEEK

Number.	Gain in Ounces.	Weeks in Camp.	Age.
1	6.3	6	5
2	5.0	10	5
3	2.2	10	2½
4	2.0	14	3½
5	1.09	11	1½
6	1.42	14	6
7	-0.14	14	4½
8	1.21	11	7
9	2.0	18	1½
10	1.5	18	4
11	2.25	14	2½
12	2.72	11	5
13	2.16	11	1½
14	3.63	11	2½
15	3.5	4	—
16	0.8	10	2½
17	0.25	8	6
18	6.6	6	6
19	Nil	3	4
20	3.3	3	3
21	2.0	4	7
22	3.0	2	4½

Baby Camp.—This was started in the spring (March 10th) with six children under school age; by the end of the summer twenty-nine children were living and sleeping in the Camp. There was hardly any illness even during the hot months; the children put on weight regularly. Their sleep is reported to have been most quiet; in every way they enjoyed the open

space, which was large for these tiny ones. There seems to have been marked mental improvement as well as physical during the past seven months up to August 10th.

These children had all their meals in school ; they now have dinner. This interesting experiment has been remarkably successful and has exceeded any anticipation of our own. It is one that is capable of great development and production of good to the rising generation. It has been generally recognized that the proper care of children under school age forms a serious gap in the measures that have been suggested or ought to be put in practice during recent years to ensure a healthier and more vigorous people. This open-air camp for these babies is an endeavour to bridge the gap, and it is a method of treatment and child nurture that might well be encouraged and developed.

(Signed) DUDLEY BURNEY,
M. D. EDER.

We have to think of *environment* as never before., All the more because we have trained no outdoor workers yet (though some have begun training themselves). We have to think of the young, rapidly growing, rapidly transforming creature, with his fast-growing Brain ; of the development of the lowly senses—Touch, Taste, Smell—of the weather (all the time). Never can we safely fall back on Routine in the open.

Touch-training does not begin with the touching of blocks or letters, or even of velvet balls and dolls. As we have said, Nature opens the great gateway of the senses almost rudely at birth, when the chill waves of a new element envelop the tender body. But this vigorous beginning is followed by a rain of kinder sensations that preserves the life of the new-born. Later, some children are sewn into their clothes ! No one realizes for them

VI

THE BOYS' CAMP

IF there is one place more than another in England where one *can* learn history, it is surely St. Nicholas parish in Deptford. In the tower of the old church English admirals gathered to pray before going forth to meet the Spanish Armada. It is said that Canute laid the foundations of this church. It can be seen in old prints of London, with a kind of lighthouse on the roof to light the sailors coming up the river. Once upon a time it was surrounded by verdant fields, and still the river winds below the glebe singing its old song and sending a fresh wind up the old streets and byways. Christopher Marlowe must have danced on the wide space below the Meeting-house. In any case, he was killed there in a quarrel with a boatswain, and the death is recorded in the register. None can look at the outline of the old Meeting-house roof, and the tower at sunset, without feeling the spell of beauty in decay. Westward are the docks. Drake moored the *Golden Hind* close by. Somewhere farther up the river Cooke started on his Australian voyage, and a hundred years later the *Great Eastern* was built to draw the old world closer to the new. What stately ghosts haunt the riverside and greens! Here Elizabeth walked with

conscious life long before any impression is tossed higher into the consciousness. The daily bath is stopped for millions of children in the first year. That is the beginning of slacknesses, and dullnesses, the doing without, and the *inefficiencies* that follow. At the age of one children begin to be half alive.

* * * * *

A great gulf separates infant life from that of the one- and two-year-olds. It is impossible to have infants and toddlers together all day. Their needs are too contrasted and opposing. The infant with his fast-growing brain wants sleep and great spells of silence. The toddlers need sleep, too, but at longer intervals, and their waking hours are full of movement. So *two* shelters are a necessity where babies and toddlers are taken in.

Shelters must face in opposite directions. It is well to have one's big shelters all facing south; but hot days will come when it is necessary to move the babies into a cool, facing-north tent or building with canvas walls fixed low, to let in plenty of air and yet keep out the too ardent sun. The Matron has to use common sense every day in settling her children in. For the Camp being a nursery for Young Things, cannot be run on a cut-and-dried principle. The indoor person does not at first understand this. She has, as is natural, an indoor intelligence, which may be highly developed in the direction of order and method. Ready power of adaptation and quick vision are, on the other hand, the characteristics of a dweller in the wild. The outdoor nurse has to get back some of this primitive, alert attitude. For though

in many ways the outdoor life offers smaller risks, it is, even in a City Camp, filled with adventure.

As the toddlers need space, they must have, if possible, the largest pavilion. The furniture folds up for the most part. Horse-shoe-shaped and folding-up dining-tables are used in most nurseries. They can be stacked against the wall. Tiny chairs can be ranged up in small space when out of use, and all the cupboards, etc., are built in. Space, and more space, is what the toddlers want. To move, to use their new power of getting about, is for them a tremendous experience. On the wide, long floor, where the leaf shadows play, they can run and build in freedom. On most days the canvas can be down nearly always, so that in front there is the garden and grass and waving trees—the world, in fact.

The child of the city appears at first a little bewildered by his new liberty. But he at least accustoms himself quickly to the new place. I have seen two three-year-olds career down and up the wide pavilion for half an hour, naked, and forgetting everything but the joy of running. Their play, too, becomes bolder as they forget the narrow yard.

Shelters, an outdoor shed, cloak-room offices, and, if possible, a sand-pit, an animal house and run are desirable. But also a greenhouse and a herb garden. The first shelters at Deptford Baby Camp cost in all as near £300 as makes no difference. The ground space, as I have said, is a little less than an acre. We could take sixty to seventy children. But now, with the winter pavilion built, we can take over a hundred.

The Baby Camp in Winter.

Many people ask in awe and fear: "What do you do with your toddlers in winter?" We try, as other people do, to keep them dry and warm! An outdoor building can be heated. It can be protected from bitter wind. We have done the heating as we could; that is imperfectly—by a large stove. One protection is given by movable canvas screens. The stove-heated shelter for the five- to seven-year-olds is a very poor affair. Yet the children never took cold. They have a splendid record in a terrific mid-winter. And the poor shelter looks cheerful enough, with the red light shining out on the snow. We have had to shovel the snow from the paths between the shelters. Yet this kind of thing doesn't make for bronchitis and pneumonia. We have had, as I said, our best health records in cold weather—the best of all was in January 1917!

Miss Dunlop, of the Westminster Health Society, worked out a splendid scheme of warm baby and children's kits. Miss Swanson's materials are cheap and durable, and the training she gives to school-girls should furnish us with clothes to cover twice the number of little children in the Empire. The Australian women, with their splendid bales of lovely little garments for the Babies of the Allies, clothed our children again and again! Clothes! There are clothes enough to be had. It is not clothes we lacked, but efficiency and power of co-operation. And above the will to see all children go in clean and pretty things. It costs little. It means much.

Education in the first months, and even in the first year, is an affair mainly of the sympathetic nerves. The grand sympathetic plays "the part of a great tramway in the midst of the life citadel." The sympathetic nerve serves at the same time for motor as well as sensory currents: going to the viscera and returning, quickening and enriching above all the great central areas of the emotional life, playing the rôle of force generator and distributing this force, sending its life currents to every part, and connecting them "to the head by the cephalic cords, to the heart by small ganglia, to the stomach by the solar plexus, and exercising on all its regulating and central influence."

As soon as the waking intervals lengthen a little the baby's cot is moved a little about the garden. His vague and wandering gaze is arrested, it may be, by the bright foliage of a rose-bush; or the tossing green of the privet hedge fixes it for a moment. The tiny, feeble hands begin to grasp a soft ball, a velvet doll—he begins to "take notice."

It is not possible to specialize and separate the many activities of the first crowded years of human life without at the same time creating a "system" that is far enough removed from anything that is actually taking place. The in-surge of impressions culminate in new powers and desires that are shown in Movement (more or less directed) and Speech. Already, in these early activities, children stand more or less in need of help.

Some children come to us crippled already by restraint. In some cases there is deformity even in the first and second years. The legs are bandy, or one leg drawn up; the wrists feeble through

want of exercise; the head pushed forward, the mouth wide and hanging open. We furnished the Baby Camp more or less as an open-air gymnasium of a very simple kind. There are low steps to climb, there are hillocks and planed tree-stumps. Children frisk up these little hills and down again. One is reminded of lambs all the time—even when they are crying. "It is like a fold," said a young doctor. A few children need massage. But under Camp conditions the normal child helps himself a great deal. He begins to crawl and pull himself up in the pen. And having done this with sensations that are probably vivid, he proceeds to walk. This art can be learned safely enough in the wide shelter. The hands reach out all the time, and the tendency of the nurse is to sweep everything out of reach. The babies want to grasp, smooth, push, open and shut boxes. They must tear up paper, even smash and thump (if picture-books are given they are torn without being looked at). Boxes with lids, tiny pails, too, and spades are eagerly welcomed—not for digging, but for thumping on tables!

Velvet dolls and toys are popular because of the pleasant "feel." Cotton ones are soon tired of and flung away. Blocks have no great success up to the second year, except at the moment when, piled in columns, they can be thrown down. Pulling lids off boxes, filling boxes and emptying them, pushing trains and horses (headless and even legless ones do quite well). Everything breakable is soon broken.

Much of the toddlers' waking time is spent in a vortex of activity, which includes living beings as well as things. They pull another's hair or nose in the pen, and offer other indignities, inspired,

for the most part, with the wish to discover the properties of other humans. Even the quarrels are experiments. The most intelligent provoke them. They are not "good." They are "at it" all day as a rule. But there are a few silent children, who observe as a rule without handling. One of these, whom we call the Philosopher, gazes at people around him, very often for long spells, with an earnest, lofty, and pitying gaze. But even he has a healthy desire to bang any hard toy on the table.

A few children, but only a few, have a desire to bite others. From one of these small experimenters we had to guard a pretty little infant whom he specially liked to test his teeth on.

* * * * *

The toddlers (these awful people) want to taste everything. In the sand-pit they put the sand in their mouths. When allowed to draw or make marks on the blackboard, they begin by stuffing their mouths with chalk. One day a box of harmless coloured wax was opened so that they might handle the sticks. When the nurse turned her back for a moment, and then looked round, she found they were gnawing the wax with the greatest diligence and curiosity.

In some children the sense is perverted, and in many it swings now and again into a passing morbidness. It has been neglected very much in the past, as was the Touch Sense, but it is obvious that it cannot be neglected or blunted without any thwarting of harmonious sensory development.

Some of our babies know the taste of ale, or vinegar, and even of pickles. But they are glad enough to start on a better system and have better

experiences. When the teeth begin to come they can be taught to eat crusts, which helps the teeth, and also tempers and directs enthusiasm. A garden with fruit and vegetable juices is what Nature indicates for them. Over and above it directing intelligence, that gives small helpings and training.

And then the sense of *Smell*, which got so little exercise and attention that it went to sleep altogether, so that millions get no warning and no joy through it. We met the need for its education in the Baby Camp by having a Herb Garden. Back from the shelters and open ground in a shady place we have planted fennel, mint, lavender, sage, marjoram, thyme, rosemary, herb gerrard, and rue. And over and above these pungently smelling things there are little fields of mignonette. We have balm, indeed, everywhere in our garden. The toddlers go round the beds of herbs, pinching the leaves with their tiny fingers and then putting their fingers to their noses. There are two little couples going the rounds just now. One is a pair of newcomers, very much astonished, the other couple old inhabitants, delighted to show the wonders of the place! I suppose that to them the tall bed of marjoram is a blowing field. Their little heads do not reach so high as the fennel. Coming back with odorous hands, they perhaps want to tell us about the journey. The newcomers cannot speak at all, even at three years old. The herbs and simples which their remote ancestresses knew well appear to stir them. Their eyes are bright. Their mouths open.

But, besides the herb garden, there are Roses. I am astonished to find that of all kinds, the low dwarf Hybrid Teas grow best of all in our Camp—

though we *have* a soap factory and a good deal of soot in our near neighbourhood. And of all Hybrid Teas, the lovely Madame Edouard Heriot, which I believed to be fitted only to the highest class order of gardens, has bloomed most freely and kindly. Not one of 'all our Hybrid Teas has refused to bloom'—Madame Ravary, Madame Lambert, Lady Hillingdon, Gustav Grunerwald, Hon. Edith Gifford, Mrs. Foley Hobbes, Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Lady Roberts, Catherine Mermet, Anna Olivier, Madame Edouard Heriot, Lady Ash-town, J. P. Clark, George Dickson, Petite Maman Cochet, Abel Chatenay, and Souvenir de Pierre Notting—not one of them sulked. And they are so low-growing, just tall enough for toddlers ! When we got them to the rose-beds the open mouths found utterance. Their hands got eager. They stand in front of the rows of Hybrid Teas next day, and the next, pointing tiny forefingers, but for the most part in silent wonder ! This morning Madame Ravary has three large buds open and Madame Heriot has four ; Gustav Grunerwald and W. R. Smith have a row of tiny worshippers smelling them and gazing at them hand in hand.

I wish we could now take them round pens, and hutches, and " runs." We have none of these things. We are " cut off from our parts " in many directions. But we go on. The children try to speak.

Speech-training.

There is a natural order in the art of speech-learning, and children follow its general lines, though nearly every one has his own particular idiosyncrasies.

They begin by labials, and go on to dentals, linguals, and gutturals, the march being from without inwards.

They do not begin then with vowel sounds, but put a labial consonant before the vowel, which simplifies matters very much indeed. Thus they begin by saying ma-ma, ba-ba.

The doubling of the word is also very curious. It is a tendency, as Seguin points out, not only of children, but of all primitive people, of poets and singers also, indeed, of all people following natural tendencies in emotional speech. Thus we have refrains, choruses, and in the Bible, for example, repetitions in different words as "God has gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet."

To go back to our babies. They begin by saying ba-ba or ma-ma. They go on later to say "do-do," "to-to," and later still "la-la" and "gee-gee," offending in many cases their parents thereby; for their parents often want to proceed by leaps and bounds, and out of the order of Nature. Our children are not persecuted by mistaken purists, but they are sadly neglected in regard to speech-training. A nurse can do a great deal for a child while she is washing, combing, dressing, or playing with him.

When things have gone wrong badly, and a child is over four, Speech-gymnastics are troublesome to nurse and teacher. It is difficult when the children are old, in bad habits, or "defective." "The difficulty, the fatigue, the blood-spitting," said Seguin, "the exercises in which the teacher expends fifty times more energy than the pupil." But he was dealing with "defectives."

As a condition of learning to speak, every child

has to learn to blow his nose. We have to have handkerchief drill (soft paper being used) not once, but a dozen times a day. There are some sounds—all those with “M” and “N” in them, for instance—which cannot be made without clear nostrils. So we have soft paper baskets everywhere, and try to inspire the toddlers with great pride in the matter of keeping the nose clear.

It was noticeable in the older children in the Boy and Girl Camps that “M’s” and “N’s” were peculiarly defective. The young toddlers, however, will begin all right. They know what to do, and will do it if left in peace.

Jackie has not studied the works of Seguin, but he gives great support to the teaching of that great master. Beginning as he ought, with labials and (double) sounds, he went on to dentals and linguals, calling his milk do-do (which he however changed back to mu-mu for a few days), and he achieved a guttural at last, calling out “cho” to the birds who were eating our seeds, and the large cats who make their beds in our sweet peas. Finally, after a little help, he said the word “button” very distinctly, which marked a great advance to sequence in sounds. In spite of his rigid adherence to the best method, he had still a great difficulty in pronouncing “F” and “V.” By bringing the underlip up under the front teeth these sounds were at last conquered. This marked the end of his speech difficulties. He can say milk now. (His ambitious but unscientific family wanted him to say it from the first.) But he has not the tripping sweetness of Monica’s speech!

Sweet Monica, where is she?

Alas ! She sleeps now—her pretty soft hair and sweet eyes covered. She died of pneumonia, following measles in the summer.

She was two years old, and had one conscious spring-time. From the first she was a wonderful little sensitive. And she learned to talk, and to walk with a kind of dainty precision. And she looked steadily at everybody with her dark eyes.

Her first impressions must have been wonderful.

We lifted her on the low terrace so that she was on a level with the geraniums and the hybrid roses all in leaf. With the daisies, too, and the young virginia stock. A thrush sang loudly in the old plane-tree.

It was June. Her last, almost her first June. Thirty long days, all shining sun. She "took in" the terrace wonderfully as the gate of a new world. Next day she ventured down the long path between the sweet peas and the tall, flowering beans, touching the lowly grass at her feet as she walked. And after this one could see her, nearly every morning, in her clean new pinafore dreaming near the cabbage-bed, with one shoe left behind in the path. No doubt Seguin would be glad to see her there. "How few children," he says, "are allowed to remain dreaming, touching, and handling things on the knees of their good mothers . . . and coming out of this baptism of emotion, thinkers, leaders, and artists." Monica died in July.

One of the first natural occupations is the washing and dressing of oneself. These things have to be learned, and learned early. They have had every attention given to them in the past, as witness a large section of our whole population. We per-

suaded our Irish teacher to undertake the inspection of ears, neck, eyes, teeth. The American nurse flung herself into all this without asking. She bathed, she drilled, she talked, she encouraged, and all the children began to shine in movements of buttoning, lacing, etc., as a beginning. Elsa, a timid, helpless child of three, put on her coat frontwise. Then she held it wrong way up, but after a good many trials got it on alone. Then (as it had only one button, and that a big one), she finished this new task and was very proud. Willie, a very bright child of three, put on his own coat and buttoned even the sleeves after one morning's tussle.

Children of three or even younger can easily learn to put on new beauty. The American left us, and they all grew dim again. It is a question of getting the right staff always. At four they are ready to button, tie strings, lace and fasten hooks and eyes. They have knot and lacing, buttoning, and fastening drills. Some of the little girls like it, and these tie on bibs and help the little ones. The boys hate it as a rule. It is strange to see how in older children "unbuttonedness" is not only common, but is taken for granted. Loose strings, buttons off and willingness to make pins do duty for them.

Lacing and buttoning drill is done by means of two cardboard slats fastened to a larger one, and bored with holes for laces, or with tapes or ribbons sewn on. The little girls of four are more eager to button, hook, and fasten when they are dealing with the clothing of a big doll.

Slowly, unwillingly, resentfully England moves in these matters. Tooth-brush drill, nail and hands washing have to be popularized somehow in England.

It is not easy to popularize them. We have to begin again and again. Twenty years ago, in Bradford, the School Board told its teachers and people—

“Thousands of people die every year because they will not wash the nails and the teeth. It is dangerous, more especially for working people to neglect this. . . .”

The members of the School Board let the leaflet giving this advice go out very tremulously. In Germany the leaflet was translated, printed and circulated in many cities within a few weeks of its issue.

One cannot but note all this. It is a straw. But one of a thousand indications multiplied then and after of how things were going in the two countries.

Nor is it easy to get nurses to let children set the dinner-tables. They do it themselves so much more quickly. But Seguin thought table-laying was a splendid exercise not only as visual training, *but as a preparation for reading*. The teacher of reading does not see the connexion.

It is uphill all the way. Things have been specialized so that their relation to one another has been long lost sight of. Very obvious connexions are lost sight of. The streets outside are littered with paper and refuse. We try to get every toddler and every child over toddledom age to pick up stray paper, to object to litter on paths, etc. Teachers as well as nurses looked on with cold surprise, certainly without any rush of sympathy. As long as we can do subtraction sums, surely this clearing up of paper is unnecessary.

Thus we have been taking things in the wrong order. Visual memory training before tactual. Abstract subjects before experience of common things. Theory (of cleanliness and order) before habits. Arithmetic should be seriously begun at nine. And at nine one goes at a good pace. But good habits are formed before five, or not formed at all. Children who speak badly at five have hard labour to change their habits later. Above all intolerance of dirt and litter, and a tendency to clean things up is not easy to learn if the first seven years of life have been spent in learning to tolerate these things, and take them for granted.

* * * * *

Most of the young children who come into our Nursery School have one strange habit. On seeing a teacher, or any one like a teacher, they put their hands behind their backs. This habit is lost only when they are at their ease, and when they attack every subject, reading as well as writing, geography as well as drawing, *with their hands*.

Drawing and Writing.

The four-year-old is quite ready to start writing or drawing by making free scrawls with pencil on paper or with chalk on the blackboard. Long before that age, indeed, he is delighted to do free work, alone, and without interference, and this free work is just as useful and necessary to him as are the sounds he makes long before he tries to speak.

These marks are curved towards the base as a rule, and so it is usual to begin with curves and circles. But one may start with straight lines—

perpendicular and horizontal. The child uses his left hand at first, though only a few are really "left-handed." He has to gain control of his hand, but first of his whole body, to learn to stand upright while he draws, to hold the head up, to keep his feet firmly planted, and the eyes at a good working distance from the board, otherwise the lines will go in all directions but the right one. This is Physical Exercise pure and simple. Soon he gains control of the shoulder and elbow movements, and can draw from the wrist.

It is astounding to see how fast when control of the trunk and arm is won the finer control follows. Straight lines, sloped lines, curves, arches, then little designs and scrolls. Bobby learned to write beautifully in six weeks. And Emma did well after three weeks. The amount of free practice they undertake is wonderful. They often cover not only the canvas screen, but also the canvas walls, the garden chairs and the work benches and tables with strokes and circles. Sewing is only a variation of the same exercises. With coloured cottons they can seam and hem and embroider the lines and patterns that are practised on the blackboard. At the end of a week they get a box with an O and an I in it, and learn to name and draw these two. Other boxes are filled with graded and contrasted letters. In box 2, for example, L and T, also M and W and V and A, Z and N are placed. Boxes 3 and 4 have the letters which show smaller differences, such as X and Y, and E and F, G and C, R and K, P and B, Q and O, I and J—we don't mind repeating. Box 5 has a complete set of letters. In box 6 the letters are painted on slips of paper, and boxes

7, 8 and 9 have simple words painted on slips. The contrast method seemed to help some children very much. Robert, for example, a boy of six, who arrived in a very fuddled state, and who had "learned" his letters, but did not know any of them, not only got hold of them fast, but also took pleasure in the method of contrast, as of a kind of mental stretching that released his energies. After the children had placed letters with slight differences such as I and J, also O and Q, and E and F, and B and R in couples, they began to fit all the letters into trays with pierced forms for the various letters, and in this way they handled the letters and got to know their shape. Such devices can be tried in a variety of ways. Letters very large and with a roughened surface, are stamped into some of even the building blocks and the houses; when built, they recall some of the much written and printed over Greek walls. These lettered blocks can be, and are, scrubbed with soap and water. For the younger, and also for the slower children, all these *touching* methods have a great advantage, though nothing is more striking than the pace at which some pass beyond the need for them. Some race past them all.

The average child of four and five years old learns after a very few weeks' or even days' practice to swing circles, to draw lines and curves, and begins to practise what he has learned and use his powers with some pleasure. That primitive drawing and writing are one we can see in the Nursery. The child who can write U or N can make a Norman arch, and if he draws a loop design well he can have no trouble with his l's and b's. And he needs to

win this power quickly, not to wait for years. While he is still little—a five- or six-year-old—he wants the power to draw simple objects such as candlesticks, ladders, pots, spades, and even wheelbarrows. The free drawing or expressional work which has been introduced of late years is very barren indeed if the drills that help these are not practised. With such practise the arm and hand training, a child soon learns to draw a simple object with some real pleasure. The trains, barrows, houses of most children remain weak or grotesque for too long a time. Seguin's order was as follows: First, lines and circles, curves and the simple geometrical forms. Later objects such as we have mentioned, objects that can be drawn with the lines and circles and curves already mastered. In these last we should include the great variety of leaf and flower forms to be found in even a very modest garden. Then simple drawing of human figures, preferably of men, women, or children at work—cleaning a table, wheeling a barrow, etc.

Nowhere has he written a more vigorous page than that in which he condemns "conventional pictures" in schools and nurseries. Pictures that are pretty enough on a drawing-room table, but that cannot awaken any healthy feeling or stir any real power in the child who looks at them.

When the power to make all the movements necessary for simple drawing and writing is won, black-board drawing stage will be near its close. It should, as we said, be a gymnastic from the first. We can later use a desk, but what kind of desk?

I have gone back to the provision for writing made by the old monks of the Middle Ages. Their arrangements were much simpler than those of

modern hygienists, and more effective. We have a wooden, sloped desk, raised, triangular-sided and double, with a grooved board running down the top for pens, ink, etc. The eyes are therefore almost on a level with the paper. The seat is high enough to make stooping impossible. The desk is so simple that it can be made, and *was* made, by children in the Woodwork Centre of a London County Council School.

Reading.

It is another process than that of letter learning, and presided over, we are told, by a distinct and separate brain centre of its own. We build a word and place it under the thing it stands for : as box, pot, pen, etc. Then write it, and then recognize it on the board. At this point we bring in word-boxes or boxes full of slips of paper with words printed large on them. We use these in various ways, but the aim of the exercises is always the same and always two-fold, viz. to let the child recognize a printed word, and also to know exactly the thing it stands for. For example, we give a slip of paper to every child. He or she reads it and goes at once, without speaking, and lays it on or under the thing it represents. The early words are all nouns, but soon we go on to verbs. Then the slip has the word "jump," "skip," "run," "dance," "cry," etc., written on it. As the children get more expert the time for "reading" the word is shortened. Then come sentences, and then books.

The need for thus joining words to things, or allying them to actions is seen in the Infant School, but

especially in the Camp for older children. The older boys and girls often baffle and surprise by saying all kinds of good and natural and exemplary things without knowing what they mean, and reading and writing simple and good and beautiful things with exemplary faces and vacant minds. Alick is a very intelligent boy, clever and receptive; he reads fluently. It was a surprise to learn, however, that he, like many others left to himself, does not think at all about what he reads in school. If questioned, he takes any word he happens to know and gives any meaning he can think of at the moment to the sentence or paragraph. All the while he looks interested. It is quite a drama of innocent deception. It is carried on continually and deceives many teachers, and even more inspectors. Three out of every four children we have ever had would in the first months read more or less without understanding and with a contented mind.

"Listening" and "looking" drills may be multiplied indefinitely. That depends not on written rules, but on the initiative of teachers. The same is true in speech-training and every other kind of training. Teachers devise means or do not. One opens all the doors of senses by means that she works out. Whispering calls, blindfolding children and calling them very softly; soap-bubble blowing, whistle bands. How many children have been saved from future misery by teachers who know how and when to devise these? The newcomers are at first in Wonderland, but they love the novel methods. They are really games of a far-seeing order.

Given this kind of human guidance, the use and value of an early life spent near growing things shows itself in new intelligence. A new sensitiveness and openness to the world of mystery around us is shown rather by contrast than otherwise in the camp baby. The newcomers, as a rule, are not so much alive as the others, and in them the real effect of in-door and street life on the nervous system is seen only too plainly. It is they who tread down things, who break young stems and tear blossoms. It is *not* they but the campers who are fond of planting, and who spend hours watching the worms and their works, the busy ants in the ivy-wall and on the paths, the aphides, and the birds nesting on the wall over the shelter. It is not they who grow excited over the silk-weavers who eat the mulberry leaves, and who ask questions about the dark chrysalis and butterflies, the tadpoles, and the fish. Frozen and stiff are many of the newcomers, and the thawing process that follows depends less on the work of teachers than on the company of those who are more or less old campers, who know a little more of the gaiety and life of spring, the gifts of summer in the garden, the autumn, and the white wonder of winter. Even thunderstorms and heavy rain are a joy and a mind-milestone marking a new vigour of pace. But there are so many events in a garden, and they follow in such a close reasonable order, that it is a wonder how we can ever draw children away from that romance of natural life.

All this chapter is a parenthesis. We did not start our Camps by training Open-air Babies. Our Camp children came right from the ordinary

schools. They were from seven to fourteen years old—anæmic, feeble, half-articulate, with confirmed failings and defects of every order—unused to the open.

We started the Baby Camp last of all early in 1914, and only a few children have passed from it into what is now a mere day Outdoor School. The conception of the scheme as a thing designed to save, not a few children, but new generations, and to inspire these with a new spirit and furnish them with new weapons is yet far from many who give it a tentative approval. To make its purpose clearer we have to turn back here to our ever-teeming School Clinic and its patients.

V

THE GIRLS' CAMP

"EVELYN HOME" is a three-storied house in Evelyn Street. It is built in the solid, practical way that was in vogue two hundred years ago among the well-to-do middle class. I believe the principal doctor of the street lived there of late years, for there is a night bell, which was gaily painted when we took possession.

Mr. and Mrs. John Evelyn gave us the house at a rent of two shillings per annum. Inside it held surprises. There is a big, in-built iron safe and latticed cupboards in its big cellars. In the three principal rooms there are fine Adams mantelpieces and safes where the seafaring tenants of long ago may have stored treasure. And behind the house is a garden. It was overgrown and dreary when we saw it first; and now, in 1917, it has saddened again—looks dank and empty. But it was a real girl-garden in the three years before the war—a garden where night and day, summer and winter, human plants grew in beauty.

It was in March 1911 that we started. The spring came early in that year. An old elder-tree that had leaned, black and dismal, against the

wall all winter suddenly put on a fresh new dress of green, which after a few days, when we had whitewashed the walls and palings around it, looked perfectly dazzling. And on either side of us (divided by only the low paling) are the friendliest kind of gardens. On the right the low wall is covered by a splendid vine which yields many clusters of grapes in autumn—huge grapes they might be if we could build a hot-house round them. This vine *would* throw its wide, long, loving arms over the wall. Facing the yard and the garden there is a wide, open space, and beyond that low houses that do not balk the soft winds from the river or hide the great expanse of sky.

We began by cleaning up the site and levelling so as to get a good foundation. This work and the whitewashing went on merrily enough, for no one objects to whitewash and the clearing away of refuse, provided, of course, that you are on good terms with your dustmen—which we always are. It is when you begin to build that you have to reckon with Government and the Powers that Be. We put up two buildings, one after the other, and nothing could be more prompt and thorough than the way in which we had to take them down again. The first, indeed, came down on a windy day, *tout seul*. There were several children inside and they enjoyed it extremely. There were no posts to fall—only the canvas which came down with wet pluffs.

In the first weeks we had, I think, some dim notion that the children would create their own new environment with help from an outdoor woman gifted in this line by Nature. And we found this

rare person, though she never became our Camp Guardian. During her short stay of five or six weeks she lent us gas-piping, trestles, and canvas for a dozen beds. Under Miss Sewell's direction, or rather by her own hands, shelves were built into the back lobby and outhouses. Walls were tarred or whitewashed, and a hot-water apparatus was rigged up in the garden fence communicating with a neighbour's boiler. It was a very clever arrangement, but we wanted so much water that we had to fall back on our own boiler-house, which we used as a bathroom. There was no bathroom in the house, of course, nor for that matter in the main street, and it was impossible to have one fitted up because of the mysterious nature of the drains; but Miss Sewell fixed a pipe and hose over the yard drain, and enclosed it with canvas fastened down with stones in the hem. This cold-shower cost 2s. 9d., and it was more amusing than a tiled and marbled indoor bathroom! If only we could have had hot water laid on and aflow all day, at all our places! But the whole constitution of the streets and the life-works of the departed were against that.

As the canvas *would* come down we called in the local builders. Also our own caretaker, who was a clever and inventive carpenter. He consulted his friends, and a new shed was the fruit of their combined efforts. It was a tarred canvas shed with a regular complete roof and boarded floor, and its wooden supports looked as if they would have resisted the Deluge. They *did* resist a deluge—a dreadful storm of lightning and thunder and torrential rain under which the girls slept calm

and dry. Judge, then, of our indignation when the Authorities bade us take it down ! 'They did not share our enthusiasm for the local builders,' nor admire their works as we did. England is conservative ; but no country is so vigilant against fire and accidents. No. We had to apply for permits (though we did not yet have to meet the Architects' Board). At last, with the sanction of the Surveyors' and the Architects' Department, and all the Powers that Be, we put up a new corrugated iron shed. It was open on one side. It was open on every side, for the matter of that ; and furnished with a rolling-up canvas curtain and a wonderful sliding wooden arrangement (the undismayed local builder made these and many other good things). The fence and the house protected the ends ; and we put down a boarded floor. Then, furnished with large and important stamped documents, and cheered by the encouraging smiles of the local surveyor's officer, we sat under the corrugated roof and used the left-over canvas to make covered places (outdoor wardrobes and open-air dressing-tables) in the yard.

Long before the shed was up, however, our Camp was open and we had joys that came like sunshine between gusts of storm. What a "tang" of hope was in the air ! The sun shone warm on all these April days, and the nights were soft. Our first camper was a very beautiful little girl of seven years old. The doctors said she was anæmic and on the verge of consumption—though I cannot think she was in worse case than thousands of children who attend school regularly. Her father was a hawker, and she had the manners

and voice and look of a fairy princess. Golden hair, blue eyes, and a nose like Mignon's—extraordinarily beautiful. She had passed her short life in crowded noisy back streets. Why, then, was her voice like music? She was on tip-toe with wonder in our little garden with its whitewashed palings. On wet days she haunted the house, and, with pencil and paper, eagerly taught herself writing and reading; and she recited, too, in liquid, slow-falling accents, "I have a Doll as black as Ink."

Marigold was certainly our pioneer camper. She slept out once (not alone, of course!) before we had any kind of roof. The Guardian picked her up one night, bed and all, and carried her indoors at midnight, and after all it did not rain. Her clothing was very poor, and she had holes in her boots. One glorious summer night—it was in May—she rose, just after she had been tucked up, picked a spray of elder-flower from the bush opposite her bed, and placed it in one of the holes of her broken boots. The girls had a wooden shelf at the head of their beds. They put their treasures on it. Some of them put out beads, or a new brooch, or even a book. Marigold had only her boots.

"Was she saved by the Camp?" some gentle voice may ask. No, she was not. Some were saved, we know, lifted into health and even into some faint promise of happiness. Marigold was not among these. She tasted the joy of one new summer. Then her father, the hawk, was killed. Her mother "moved." We saw her long after. Her lovely face had coarsened so as to be almost

unrecognizable. . . . Why dwell on one tragedy among so many thousands?

* * * * *

We engaged a Camp Guardian with no training at all—a rather timid-looking, but in reality very plucky girl. No one ever knew her probably, she did not know herself till she began to live outside *for good*. Meantime Miss Riddell was installed as camp Head Mistress as well as specialist in Evelyn House. She was training about three hundred children per annum, straightening and giving speech-power to some, wasting her zeal on others. All day she taught, but she was in the Camp much, and often took her pupils outside. In the evening before she went home she inspected the night camp.

Our little Guardian associated a religious life with the idea of personal and bodily cleanliness. She had a ritual of her own. It was not in our scheme; but then the best things are never in any scheme. It was not in her training course, for she had never had any training at all. She had never "slept out" in her life, and was afraid of cats. There is no college that professes to train a woman to live out with twelve to seventeen girls, and help them to grow like sweet peas or lilies. It is a mercy that some kinds of success come to one as a surprise, for we have had many unexpected trials in other fields of the Centre's work.

Inside the house a great deal was going on. We had "operations" for adenoids, etc., on Saturday, and the gymnasium had to be turned into a ward on that day. We tried to forget all that as campers, though our life as campers began,

in many cases, with a dread Saturday morning and memories that could not be made joyful. However, all that was soon over. On Monday the ward was changed into a gymnasium again, with the blessed sunshine coming in through joyful yellow curtains, and every one was plunged in thoughts and business that reminded one of drugs and surgery as little as did the rampart nasturtiums.

Miss Riddell's work now had a new horizon. She was now *more* than a specialist. She had to take stock of life, as a good housekeeper takes stock of every room from attic to cellar. We did not mean at first to plunge into such general stocktaking. We were being led on and tempted. We were always tempted to save outright. It was like the Progress of the Rake, only it did not end with death, I think, but usually in the evolution of a beautiful English girl.

The day's or rather the night's programme was a very simple one. The Camp girls ranged in age from six to fourteen. They arrived early in the evening and had certain camp duties to perform. Home-lessons appear to have no place in their education, and so they had plenty of time for play in the garden. But they had duties, and took responsibility and work in turn. At 6.30 the washing rites began. Every elder girl had charge of a younger one, looking after her toilet: hair, teeth, nails, and bathing.

At seven o'clock the Camp always became quiet and busy. Two girls put out their wooden beds and spread the warm, blue blankets—for we dyed the girls' blankets a beautiful blue—and the sheets and pillows. The Camp looked very pretty,—all

white and blue. The beds faced south-east, so they had the morning sun.

The little ones were always asleep when at a quarter to eight the elder girls came out of the boiler-house. They came wrapped in warm dressing-gowns, looking like tall lilies as they passed down the long row of beds. At eight o'clock all was quiet. The Camp slept, lighted only by a red lantern which burned dull and rosy near the outhouse wall, and at the foot of the Guardian's bed.

On rainy evenings they looked particularly fresh and well, as if the rain loved them. The cool flush of the *real* Englishwoman was on every face. Their *range of sensation* appeared to be greater after a time. "I love coolness," said a girl, holding out her thin white arm; "And I love, I love the rain."

I laid in a good stock of oatmeal. We got it from King's Mills, Inverness, and it cost a third of its whole price in mere carriage. Once we got Lowland meal and once English meal, and on both occasions the girls' weight went down at a run in a week! The breakfast was porridge and milk, which the girls cooked. The other meals they had at home. They left for school at a quarter to nine, and the whole neighbourhood watched them from its back windows with wonder and admiration.

We were a little troubled by cats. Three of them used to come sometimes and sit in a row and look at us. One black cat, an acrobat of distinction, jumped in and out of the attic windows and looked as if she might jump on our canvas

roof. . Many girls are afraid of the cats at first, but—as Madge Black rightly observed—“You came here to learn not to be afraid of anything.” The Camps have shown that the normal British child is really not afraid of anything, except, perhaps, cats or mice, and she quickly learns to overcome even those fears, which are merely aversions.

The Guardian had a large bell by her bedside, and also a lantern which she could light quickly, and which glowed red at the Camp-head throughout the winter nights. If our caretaker heard the bell he would come at once ; for though he slept very soundly, his cheery little wife would wake him and they would both look out with great interest and expectation. The truth is, all our neighbours became our friends. Once only was the bell rung. On that occasion the caretaker loomed large, after a certain lapse of time, at the window. His little wife stood behind him. The caretaker flashed his new electric torch on the garden. It showed him our Miss D—— picking up the lantern which had been overthrown by one of the cats. None of the girls wakened. “Nothing’ll wake them,” said the caretaker, “not the trump of the day o’ judgment.”

* * * * *

Any garden is a wonderful place—even a back-garden—since from it you can see the sky, and there are flowers, ants, bees, butterflies, even in the commonest garden. Some of the children were greatly impressed and astonished at once. But these were the *little ones*, the children of six to ten years old, especially those of six and seven. It is they who were the naturalists. They who asked

questions and wanted to talk about the life in the garden with any one who could sympathize and answer them. They were more impressed than their elders by the vast sky and its quivering fires. "I nivver see it before," says little Rhoda, with sparkling eyes, "nivver!"

"I used to say my prayers," says Marigold, "but here I sing!"

So the little ones leaped into the new life as into a bath. The elder girls seemed to be farther away from it, and needed time to get back. Their talk was very trivial, and flavoured with spite. A little note was sent one evening from a Camp girl to a comrade whom she lay beside, but with whom she could not for the present exchange a word. "Grace, I think you are a disgurstin' gurl, so proud, and *mean*. And thinks yourself everybody becorse you have a new hat." "Don't speak to her never again, the narsty thing," said Grace to Elsa (a little girl who is her admirer), and her face grew pale and pinched with anger. "Me! Nivver!" cried Elsa stonily. A year or two later the talk will run on boys. The eldest girls, one or two of the twelve-year-olds, begin to be very grown up. Their talk is woefully grown up. It suggests a far too early and too sudden closing up of all the avenues of interest, and the rapid shaping of little, uninteresting women. Some are in a kind of suspension and seem to be in doubt as to how to behave and what to think of! They need what most of the children of the middle and upper classes have—social stimulus, the entrance of personalities and the widening of all the doors of life and interest.

It is the moment when the future of these young girls is being fixed. One is perfectly aware of it, and of the vast possibilities open to those who can use them. But at every step of this work we are looking round for people to do something of vast importance, and for the most part in vain.

The other day we asked the girls to write a little account of a night spent in the garden. The letters showed a good deal of variety. Some were very short—a line or two, and some several pages long. We begin to understand why employers complain so bitterly of the letter-writing of boys and girls who have left school. "Nature study and freedom are all very well," said one irate master, "but why can't any of 'em be trusted to add a column of figures or write a decent hand and spell properly?" We thought at the time—it was ten years ago—that he was unjust and out of date, but I do not think so now. The proof of any kind of teaching is that it makes children able to do things well, and not that it makes them hopeless in spelling or arithmetic. One or two of the letters broke down at the start. One showed a remarkable stress on the sense of hearing. It expressed just what the writer felt as she lay in the doorless dormitory of the garden.¹ This was the best letter of all, and,

¹ "Last night I lay awake for awhile after we had all gone to bed. It was very quiet all round us for a long time. Then I heard a church-bell, and then another. I heard the footsteps of people in the street, and the sound of a train-whistle. Then I slept, but I woke up again, and I heard the voices of people in the street. The leaves rustled. I heard a cock crow, and the birds twittered and sang. It is nice to sleep out in the garden. It is fresh there and quiet, and I like to listen to the sounds."

indeed, none of the others came near it in point of spelling.

The poorness of their clothing keeps children down. Some were overclothed, it is true. Some were terribly underclothed. In most cases the kits were unsuitable. One day I was in the garden when the caretaker came to say that a visitor had come. A great many visitors came, but they do not make our eyes look so round as did the caretaker's eyes now. I went in at once. A tall lady was in the waiting-room, very tall, and wearing beautiful but not fashionable clothes. She told me in a sweet voice that she desired above all things to dress the elementary school child in beautiful raiment. She had a kind of pedlar's trunk and she unroped it in the front room, and a hundred beautiful garments seemed to tumble out all at once. So beautiful, indeed, were the things that one was afraid to look at them. There was the sheen of beautiful embroideries — dazzling patterns, wrought, as it seemed, in silk. (It was not silk, only cotton, and wool, and calico.)

After a little while I took up one garment and another. They were all made of common and cheap, though good, strong materials: Manchester cotton, casement cloth, stout holland, and winsey! The embroideries, and even the buttons were embroidered. They were done in darning wool. The seams, lines of harmonious colours, were sewn in dyed wools or cottons. Nearly all the ornament was in the construction, in the seams, in the strengthened hems and fastenings. It was this, perhaps, more than anything, that gave the glow of real beauty to all the work, making the colour vital

as it is in fresh flowers and in the beauty of leaves.

And then, after a little more observation, one saw it was all simple. A child of twelve could make this kind of dress and cloak. A child of six could make the pink stitchery on the flannel vests. The stitches are large, the sewing is in fine and fast colours. Blue and purple, green and scarlet, lilac and gold. No white thread or white cotton. No dark stitching of dark clothes to injure the eyes. Contrast, and graduation, and harmony. No long drill and compulsion, but early escape into the joy of inventing one's own patterns! The girls over six could help to sew and embroider their pinafores and skirts, and all the girls over ten or eleven could cut out and make their raiment and dress the little ones. Why, then, have they never done it? No one knows. It is a great, great mystery. In Education we nearly always do the wrong thing first, and for a long time. Miss Swanson's book, *Educational Needlecraft*, shows we might start almost in the Infant class to make real clothes instead of snippets and white seams.¹

The Camp girls were growing very charming now. The drilling, and washing, and long sleep, the oatmeal, the milk, and the good English were telling. Suppose they got into proper clothes—clothes made by themselves? It was already time for them to leave their present schools (the doctor says that every one but Madge would be better outside altogether) and attend the Day Camp.

¹ For details of the whole method, and the development of the teaching on psychological lines, see *Educational Needlecraft*, by Ann Macbeth and M. Swanson, published by Longmans.

School, which was opened in December in St. Nicholas' Churchyard. Why shouldn't they dress themselves suitably? Miss Riddell started a needlework class for the Camp girls. They made complete kits for themselves. The last mark of poverty and mean streets vanished with the old clothes.

They were Secondary School girls. Yes, of the best type. (See frontispiece.)

VI

THE BOYS' CAMP

IF there is one place more than another in England where one *can* learn history, it is surely St. Nicholas parish in Deptford. In the tower of the old church English admirals gathered to pray before going forth to meet the Spanish Armada. It is said that Canute laid the foundations of this church. It can be seen in old prints of London, with a kind of lighthouse on the roof to light the sailors coming up the river. Once upon a time it was surrounded by verdant fields, and still the river winds below the glebe singing its old song and sending a fresh wind up the old streets and byways. Christopher Marlowe must have danced on the wide space below the Meeting-house. In any case, he was killed there in a quarrel with a boatswain, and the death is recorded in the register. None can look at the outline of the old Meeting-house roof, and the tower at sunset, without feeling the spell of beauty in decay. Westward are the docks. Drake moored the *Golden Hind* close by. Somewhere farther up the river Cooke started on his Australian voyage, and a hundred years later the *Great Eastern* was built to draw the old world closer to the new. What stately ghosts haunt the riverside and greens! Here Elizabeth walked with

Drake and Raleigh, and other scintillating stars of that gorgeous time. Peter the Great worked in the dockyard, and lived a stone's throw from the church gates.

Well, in the old churchyard, near the grave of Benbow, we built our first Boys' Shelter. As in the case of the Girl Camp Shelter, we had to take it down again in the presence of a very indignant surveyor before the roof was on. But while the secular powers were stern with us, the ecclesiastical power took us, for the moment at least, to its bosom. The old Vestry Hall was our Night Shelter, and thither we went sometimes when it rained. But in the daytime, when it was dry, we camped out under the trees, sitting on the high, narrow oak benches or church seats which had been used by the most daring sailormen England could furnish three hundred years ago, and with an iron safe for a cupboard. And here we had a crowd of visitors. We were "boomed," in fact, and nearly all the great dailies and weeklies took our photographs.

Very soon—within a month—we had some good results; not as regards school-teaching, for I am bound to say the boys seemed determined to learn nothing of that kind. They merely began at once to get stronger and healthier. Geoff, who is ten, and has a round, curly head and very bright dark eyes, made no progress that I could see (a great many sleep like this through their schooldays) in school work. The same can be said of Jim. But, whereas they were once pale, they became now rosy, and though Jim would not spell or read, he, unlike most of the other boys, soon learned to cook the dumplings for supper. The photographers always

singled these boys out. It may have been Geoff's eyes, or it may be because they were the cooks. They made the Camp porridge every morning in a corner behind the gate-keeper's house, and no doubt they looked picturesque enough in shirt-sleeves, and with the boiler steaming under the trees.

Sometimes a visitor suggested fear to us.

"Aren't you afraid, my boy, to be out here in the dark all night in a graveyard?" said a very grave old gentleman.

"No, I aren't," says Jim stolidly, and added with a sudden inspiration, "I'm asleep."

"It seems weird, though, very eerie," said the gentleman, shaking his head.

Jim is abashed, understanding not these new words, but he sticks to the truth:

"I aren't," he repeats sullenly. "Not me."

"Jim's been bad with his nerves," explains Geoff brightly, anxious to bring about a pleasant understanding. "He's had St. Vitus' dance."

"Nerves!" said the old gentleman. "He can't *have* any Nerves!"

When he went away we had other visitors. Another gentleman came with a notebook and spectacles. He came from a Society to see if we were desecrating the graves. It was evening when he arrived, and Jim and Geoff, bearing the dumplings for supper between them on smoking dishes, ran right into him.

"I hope, boys," he said, "you know where you are." Jim, very hot and red, gripped the dish and said nothing, but Geoff made answer:

"Yes, sir. Saint Nicholas' Churchyard. Patron Saint of Sailors and Children."

"Recollect what you are doing, then," said the gentleman severely. "See that you behave yourselves," he added fiercely.

The boys, weighed down by the pudding dishes and the severity of their elders, proceeded on their troubled way.

Meantime we were much harassed by good advice and objections :

"You can't expect any results without a decent equipment," said My dear Friend. We made no answer. The children were better, but what of that? They improved without even a roof over their heads. Perhaps it was very forward of them to get better at all under the circumstances.

"You can't garden here, you know. It is too awful to think of," said My dear Friend.

"We are not going to garden," I answered her, though we had planted a few flowers ; and I understood that she was right. The burial ground had been closed for half a century, but——

"To think of taking *living* children into a burying ground," said another lady (the Lady of the New Clothes) to a mutual friend. "I call it disgraceful."

"Never mind 'em !" said the Vicar robustly. "There's not even dust in the vaults."

Well, it was more beautiful there on spring nights than in the other camps. Early, in the mornings, the boys were awakened by the twitter and warble of birds round the church tower. The birds seemed to love the tower, and the trees and the old tombstones. They were building already in chinks in her old walls, and in the Clinic window, just opposite, and in the trees. The mornings were very still save for the birds. I came once very early. The

sky was suffused with light that seemed to roll up in waves towards the zenith. Gold and rose-coloured clouds sailed overhead and a sweet breath blew fresh from the river. Deptford is wonderfully pure and sweet at midnight and in the morning. The wind sweeps so easily over the low-roofed houses, and the river carries its cleansing breath everywhere.

It was no use falling in love with all this. Our hands were tied, our every movement watched, our life a burden. Besides criticism, we had the wind and the rain and no cover. In April my sister found a site for the new Boys' Camp close to the Clinic, and we moved in in less than a week. It was the dumping-ground of twenty houses, approached by a narrow lane, where dirty paper and garbage are allowed to collect. Babies crawl and toddle on the pavement outside, paddling their little hands in the gutters, and sometimes a flower-like little face, very grimy, looks up from a bundle of clothes! The ground we rented had an old stable in it with a broken-down manger. It was covered with fine old tiles, and looked picturesque enough, but the surveyor suggested taking it down. However, we would have been very happy if the neighbours on the street side had not been so angry with us. They said we could not have a school there, and more to the same effect. Yet we were quite out of their beat. Right in front of the ground there is a line of old beeches and elms, and to the right is a long open space looking out on a narrow recreation ground; where are stretches of kindly grass under waving foliage. In short, there was a great open space in front. Of course we were not allowed to go into the

recreation ground. The caretaker hated the boys. He said they were devils, and more to the same effect. But in spite of the flames of wrath raging all around us, we cleaned up the dumping-ground at high speed, the boys and our new master, and even the Camp girls taking a hand with the labourer.

Then I applied for the right to build, and sent in a rough sketch of the proposed shelter and bath-house. It was a German firm who drew up the plans. In vain I looked for an English firm, or a Scottish one. There was "no sich a thing." The German firm was, however, overruled and dependent on English law. The first plans were condemned, and I think very wisely. The English Board of Architects ordained the material (corrugated iron), tightened and improved the stays, dictated the standard of work, and left one wondering and regretful. Why, since Britain can do things so well, doesn't she do them? Why had we to go, after all, to a German firm? The incident seems to give in a small way the present character and tendencies of the two peoples—Germany ardently, industriously doing her best, starting a new reform (not quite new), developing it, carrying it on as a business in foreign lands—England capable of doing it better, improving it, but ever disdainfully letting it alone, backed by laws passed in the House of Parliament and in the name of progress and liberty!

The German firm built our bath for £30, and our shed for £120. (A high official of the London County Council said we could not have a school bath worth anything for less than £2,500.) An irate English plumber then appeared. After assuring

us, every time we saw him, that he would never come back, and keeping us in a state of acute misery, he went on with the job. It cost £50. The plumber had a great many other jobs, and they were all more important than ours. Besides, he thought we were mad. "School!" he said. "This is redicklus. Such goings on!" He said the place would do for a workshop, and that is why he condescended to come at all.

The boys, however, moved their beds into the new Camp ground, and slept under the stable roof on rainy nights. It has only two sides; they are of wood, and in one of them we have made a door. Nothing depressed the boys. The lady next door glared at them from the passage gate. Assisted by some friends, she flung in tins, bones, broken plates and rubbish with an energy wonderful to see. One neighbour went the length of throwing out large crusts and slices of bread, and a number of cats gathered in the ground of an evening and in the small hours of the morning.

By the end of May the boys had settled in and begun the new life. We hoped boldly. We had dreams of keeping them till they were sixteen and turning them out transformed. They had baths every evening, and slept in long rows in front of the stable bath-room and facing the south-west. They had two meals per day, which they cooked themselves; but Nurse, at the Clinic, mixed the puddings for supper while the boys went home for dinner. There was too little variety in the food, but the boys had good appetites. The weather was warm already. The boys looked clean and cool. We began to do regular lessons, and this damped every

one a little. The thirst for knowledge may be great in the human of nine to twelve years old—if so, it had been quenched for the moment in most of our boys. Nevertheless, we painted ourselves some blackboards, and began to draw, write, and read a little. We wrote and drew very badly. Our spelling was inconceivable! I have heard that this does not matter. It matters a great deal. It shows that the visual memory is poor. That is not a small matter.

Yet our children were not sub-normal. Far from it. They were all alive, very happy, and roused into a kind of chronic interest and wonder. They took a wonderful lot of physical exercise, climbing on the roof, balancing on the veranda-bar, turning somersaults on the green, and making jumping-boards of their bed trestles. They all wanted to jump. Few could jump well. The noise and movement was a kind of reaction, and a rather violent one, against years of a more or less dull and unnatural kind of life. The boys broke the crockery at a great pace. They lost the towels. They did all kinds of strange things with the new tooth-brushes. They buried their heads every night in the blankets from force of habit. They spoke English that writers like to copy. It is a kind of speech that brands them as street children. But the children do not know this. Once I showed them a page of Dickens. "He spells worse than us," they said gravely.

But we all want to live. A new hope blew like a south wind over the fences and garden. Job, for example, a dark, gipsy-looking boy with a lisp and no H's or T's or R's to speak of, was ~~like~~ ^{one}

intoxicated. He rushed about the place, his eyes alight with hope. If it were not for the fear that he might soon have to do regular lessons as in other schools ! This heavy thought crossed our sunlit hearts like a shadow.

August came. It was holiday time, but the boys still came to Camp. They bid goodbye to the churchyard, where the blessing of Saint Nicholas seemed to pass through every rough wind of enmity and criticism that ever blew on us and take away the sting. The International Congress at Washington was going to take place. I was going thither over the great waste of waters, and I was very sorry to go. Job was getting very tall, and much quieter. The health record of the Camp got better and better. Clean, and bare-footed with good skins, they began to look an astonishingly creditable lot of lads. *Very* good-looking for the most part. Only one or two faces of low type.

Perhaps I should have described the Camp structure as it was at this time. The first and most important building is the sleeping pavilion or shed. It is the day-school, and also the sleeping-room, and it is in use therefore day and night, winter and summer. It has a good foundation. The ground was concreted and the floor raised so as to allow of free air circulation. The back wall will, in most cases, be a fixture. But the side walls are in sections, downwards, so that they can be easily taken out or put in, either as a whole or in parts.

Thus on fine days and throughout the summer almost the whole of two walls of the Deptford Shelter may be out, the skeleton frame alone standing. The partition is, of course, ventilated at the top from

end to end and on every side. The front is entirely open, but a storm screen may be fastened down in front or to a railing in wild weather. The floor was kept clean by a wooden skirting. (The boys went bare-footed for a large part of the year.)

We made it as pleasant as we could. This shelter is the "drawing-room" of the Camp, and associated with any order of refinement we could aspire to. On the polished floor the sunshine poured all day, and through its window-like open framework in front the stars looked in at night. Ranged along the wall was the camp library. It was soon pretty well furnished with tales of adventure and travel. We had a few good pictures, and on the polished cupboard ledges, kept dustless and bright, we put growing plants and bowls of flowers, which the children took it in turn to water and to arrange.¹ Everything was open, and yet the pictures remained on the walls and our treasures on the shelves. Tools were stolen from us later, but nothing else.

The furnishing is provided for nearly altogether in the structure. In the wide opening between the roof and wall top the trestles of the beds are stored. (If possible, the feet of trestles and chairs should be padded with indiarubber tabs.) The wooden

¹ There is no reason why the people living in houses should not share the school-life and also the school waste-bins. An ideal camp school must have a house, or houses, behind it. And success will depend very much at all times on a camp school being on good terms with neighbours. A fault (not a virtue) of our present-day schools is their awful isolation. This isolation is not natural, it is unnatural. Just as plant gardens were first made round homes, so *human* gardens should be started round human homes also.

seats all round the shed are the tops of the big lockers that held blankets and sheet-bags and night clothing. They are ventilated behind by a wide opening, and also by five holes bored in front. The built-in cupboards down one side have wide tops, and the shelves are for school-book boxes. Every child had his own box, locker, etc., and his number was on them. Pegs (for ropes) were fixed across the top of the building so that blankets could be aired under cover on damp days.

As the hands were to be as free and active as the unresting feet, they had to be thought about. The walls on every side were hung with canvas for free arm work, and the boards of the trestle tables at which the children sit for school work, and also at meals, were stained as writing surfaces. (In the open writing-boards can be hung on the walls, so that at any moment a child can use his arms to assist his brain, and can literally attack any and every kind of mental task with free hands.) The lockers for woodwork materials, and also for clay modelling, were kept later in a woodshed, which we built on an outer space of land. Alongside the bath-house there is a little building or partitioned space, which can be bolted at night, and where garden tools were kept. There are boot-lockers under the cloak-room canvas awning where, during most of the summer days, boots and stockings were kept, and above are the pegs for the awning-covered wall serving as a cloak-room.

There is a stretch of grass, and also a raised and concreted space before the bath-room, flanked by a little rockery. The campers liked to escape from the roofed shelter as often as possible. There

were always boys on the grass-plot when weather permitted. On summer nights many boys slept outside the shelter.

The picturesque old stable was a great trouble and expense to us. We wanted to keep on the fine old tiles, but the surveyor shook his head mournfully, and said that a heavy snowstorm *might* bring them down one night and kill a score of children. After that we took them down in a great hurry, and put on a roof of light corrugated iron sheets. We then made a sink of the new boiler—it was allowed to get leaky by overheating—and we made a wooden basin board and rack for hair-brushes and tooth-brushes. The plumber, too, who thinks we are demented, made a narrow gutter from the boiler sink (wearing a look of “this is the last straw” on his face), and a serpent-like stream of leisurely water began to flow down and along the sides of the place whenever any one washed his hands. It did not look right, but nothing staggered; we fastened nails under the eaves on the open side of the shed and made a long towel-rail. I was ashamed to show this expensive stable—for I paid a good deal in order to get the present result—to any visitors except the Americans. The officials shook their heads in pity or in shame. The Americans, however, are so blasé about money, and so used to handling such big sums, that they *like* economy. They were kind and even tender to our poor stable.

* * * * *

My visit to America was a very hurried one. Looking back on it, I am still overpowered a little

by the sudden glimpse of wide horizons, of vast spaces, of swift action, and a short, vivid history played out on a great stage, and with that richness of detail and variety of interest that make our own life-tree in this country look something like an overgrown dwarf rose-bush. The Congress itself, interesting as it was and important, is merged in retrospect in the memory of a civilization with a colossal framework—an arena that takes one's breath away! One has to grope like an insect in a vast temple full of memories to find the things that have some relation to the little spot of ground where one's own life is used and spent.

The prejudices of England are swallowed in America like a gnat in a camel's mouth. The camel is not aware of them at the time. For example, in England we haggle over school baths on the ground that they cost a little money—*very* little, we know—and besides are a kind of insult to the parent. In Chicago one enters a school which is much beloved and attended by the children of multi-millionaires. Lo! there are splendid marble baths with dressing-rooms attached so that the pupils can bathe after games and wash as often as they want to. In the People's Schools there were marble baths also and such a supply of hot water as I have not seen in any other country's schools. "They're the cleanest people in the worruld," said an Irishwoman of the Americans. And perhaps she was right. In Washington dustmen go about in spotless white. The coloured waiters on trains and in houses are in spotless linen. What with the Maryland Marble Halls, the magnolias, the spotless workpeople, and

the baths everywhere, we got used to a new world. To think of our poor stable at home and our clinic boys' clothes !

Still, it is not shining purity alone that one recalls in thinking of America. Not the soaring pillar at the entrance to the burying-place of heroes ; not the great world beyond the opening streets, and the sweep and swell of the Valley Forge ; not the Hall of Independence even, nor the gay courage of the mid-Western woman and man. Above these brave memories floats like a shining sail the thought of Helen Keller. To talk about the Touch Sense for years—and be laughed at for one's pains—is a dull thing enough. Now all one tried to say and tried to learn was swung up into a new, fair light, and was outshone and absorbed entirely in a Vision of Triumph. So I must try and tell about that meeting.

It was on the borders of Virginia and near the superb city of Washington. I had to make a little journey, to leave the city behind, and when I got into the country I began, for the first time, to see what the *South* is like !

A Triumph of Life.

Near the superb city of Washington there is a wide road, with steep hills at intervals, and with rows of pretty houses on either side where the way is level. The slopes are clothed with trees and tall grasses, and behind the villas are patches of woodland ; but winding near the skirts of the hills a little way the road casts away, as it were, the urban traces altogether, and strikes between great plains of open country.

The October sunshine rained down on this white, baked road. It struck through the glory of the trees that clothe the banks of the ravine near the wayside. In the gardens the great umbrella plant drooped its huge fleshy leaves over a sea of scarlet blossoms. Huge dark butterflies hovered through the air, and from the woods and grasses rose the loud chorus of the katydids. This riotous beauty spread forth under an ardent sky heralds the glory of the South—the wonderful South, where Nature pours forth her gifts without stint or reckoning.

Huxley, as a boy, used to ask himself puzzling questions, as, for example: "What would life be if the qualities of things did not exist for us?" In the South, and in the North also, at certain moments of the year, one question surges at times: "What would life mean if the doors of sense were closed?" Happily few have to try to answer. And yet people exist for whom all but one door of sense and feeling is closed; and one, at least, of these is Helen Keller.

Yes! For her no bird sings, no flower yields its perfume, no glory of autumn shines in wood or field, yet life has rolled its best gifts to her feet. And how is this wonderful thing come about? This is a question of such great interest for the whole race that we must be pardoned (as she will fully pardon) for lifting the veil a little.

Helen Keller's power of communication and sensitiveness is confined almost entirely to the tactual sense. Word messages are tapped into her palm, or received by the light pressure of her fingers on speaking lips; and for written work and impressions of form she is dependent upon her hands, or

rather her finger-tips. Yet this one door of sense, left wide, has been enough to ensure life's triumphs. That Miss Keller can read and write, sculpt, and converse well, is true ; but that is only a very small part of the truth. The great, the amazing thing is that her personality has been set free in spite of the loss of the "higher senses."

It is not our task here to ask how she was reached in her dark prison-house, how in the dumb and black world into which her strong soul was walled she woke to find a hand that led her forth. It is not of her struggle we have to tell, but only of her triumph. And no one is more willing than Miss Keller that it should be spoken of. "For it may help others," she said.

It was the mother sense that was left—the oldest, the most inclusive, and with amazing possibilities of refinement and expansion. Its importance, however, is not even yet fully appreciated in any country. Physiologists have shown, of course, how the deadening or disturbance of tactual sensibility influences the character. Thus, for example, a person who, in normal health, was very much liked and a good and useful citizen, became utterly demoralized as the result of a loss of sensibility all over the body. After treatment he was cured, and then his old character came back. He was literally "himself" again. There is something far more fundamental in these changes than can be traced in the irritation of a person who is blind or deaf for a time, who gets depressed as the result of eye-strain, or sullen when deafness overtakes him. The higher sense-organs do, of course, influence the whole nervous system more or

less. But this influence is not always a matter of spiritual life or death. And certainly no one can think of a human being with no sense left but vision, or of human progress as something dependent solely on a lens and pupil.

Well, the basal sense was left to Helen Keller. And when into the darkness and confusion of the inner life a guiding hand stole, it was grasped with rapture. It is power of attention that fixes mental status. This power was trained through one sense avenue, but with a zeal and courage that has, perhaps, no parallel in human education. The lips and the finger-tips and palm were the *capitals*, as it were, of this singular education; but it is clear that the whole surface of the body was involved. To sit quiet and attentive in presence of Miss Keller is to become aware that she is, save for her loss, *above the normal*. She not only feels vibrations that others do not feel. She interprets these and judges distance, groups them, disentangles them. Some children fell out of a donkey-cart at the end of the garden while she was in the house. She knew it, and also knew they were not hurt before they came to tell her! She "heard" their laughter. Impossible to doubt that well-springs of pleasure are opened for her that are still closed, or rather choked up, for even the ordinary "educated" person. Of much that does not touch the ordinary person she is made aware. That is to say that *his* tactual sense is in a rudimentary stage of evolution.

Yes. In order to realize the actual conditions (so unlike anything that might be expected) one has to think, not of a ruined house, but of a home

in which many rooms have been sacrificed in order to create one great and noble hall where the treasures, once lost, are gathered, or where *their equivalent is found*. With the work and life of many lands and peoples, with the problems of life in all their bewildering complexity, there is here not only sympathy, but a new power of interpretation. One thing that Miss Keller said I will quote, just to show how far this power of interpretation goes.

"There is power in a human being. Power can show itself in many *forms*. For example, the deaf and the blind can be educated almost indefinitely—certainly in the future indefinitely."

If we now turn back to the schools of to-day we find that there is little training of the basal senses. There is some "ear" and "eye," and also "hand" training (which last is more or less tactual), but these are hindered in obscure ways that we have not even begun to notice. Briefly, we may take it that if the older and fundamental senses are dulled, the others suffer. The "dullness" or "backwardness" of a great proportion of all our children does not begin and end in the "ear" or the "eye." It is part of a general failure to attend to impressions of any order. Thus, for example, in the Camp at Deptford, I have found that only one in a dozen children of seven to twelve years old had any perception of *smell* worth talking about. Blindfolded, they could not tell one flower from another, even if every one had a strong odour. A great many are ready to eat anything. This is partly hunger, but it is also the result of a general blunting of the senses.

The "temperature" sense even is very undeveloped, for we find children content to live in a bath of perspiration, always overclothed. Others do not complain of cold, but would linger, if left to themselves, with blue lips and chattering teeth, half-dressed, in the open. The patience of the poor is not all patience. It is largely insensibility.

And all the while the rivers of life might run full and free—brimming rivers instead of empty, stony beds.

In the first few years of life sense-training goes on very rapidly. It has to do mainly with the "grand sympathetic," not with the higher Brain centres.

"All life is on the side of the sensitive." How to give a perfect sensory training to all children is the question! It is late to start it with children of twelve and fourteen—too late for the best results. But we have to make a beginning.

* * * * *

When I got back the new Master was installed. He was Mr. Norman, of Bradford, one of Bradford's famed teachers of singing, a great lover of outdoor life, a good cricketer, and he spoke English without pedantry—spoke it well enough to afford giving himself licence. "Look here, Job," he would say to that volatile person; "A'm waaaiting of you." He stipulated that he was to have a general control of the night as well as the day Camp.

We celebrated his arrival by taking the space beyond our Camp which overlooked the recreation ground, and the whole school—cheerful before—

rallied round their big, strong, gentle master, with whom they began to make weekly excursions to cricket, and later to football fields.

A few weeks later Mr. Greenfield was engaged to take charge of the Art and Crafts Department of the school, and a Night Guardian was added to the staff. So that in the beginning of 1913 we had a staff of three masters. It was the moment to bring our Camps together. The girls left the elementary schools they were attending and went to the boys' shelter for lessons, returning in the evening to Evelyn House. Already they had crept up to a rather higher status than most of the boys—thanks to the careful drill and training of camp-life.

Looking back I seem once again to see all these boys and girls. Some of whom are indeed still with us (in 1917), but some are out in the world. There was William, for example, a tall, reedy, soft-eyed, soft-spoken lad. He reminded one somehow of sphagnum moss, so feebly responsive, so unimpressible he seemed. William wore long trousers, a little frayed at the ankles. He had a hatred of the three R's—particularly the last R—but he hated them all. He had hope and also faith that nothing in the way of effort would ever be demanded of him. His soft, irresolute eyes looked disarmingly at every one as he came in, springing a little lightly on his toes, and with his narrow shoulders bent forward. Camp-life must have hardened and braced him, for one day, three years later, he came into Camp, not a very resolute-looking young man, but steady now, and in khaki, and very ready to talk about the War, but nourish-

ing, I fear, some ill-will to the elementary arts and all that reminded him of them.

Here is Jim, a tall, dark, gipsy-looking lad, with a lisp. He lived with an old woman who wished some one would take him off her hands. For weeks he tore about the Camp in wild delight, and then settled down to make trestles and boxes and fern-baskets. He got over his lisp. He made progress. He could have been a great success, but he required much personal attention, far more than could be given even in a Camp school. He is earning immense wages now in a munition factory—a very tall, sallow, suggestible lad, with no very bright prospects.

I like to think of Marmaduke, a very handsome boy from a good home, but who had never been able to go to school, and had had, as he said, "every disease that any boy *can* have." Even as a little boy of nine he wrote a beautiful hand, quite wonderful to see, but he could not read or spell even small words. He learned to read and spell very well at last. He grew strong and steady and intelligent. After four years in Camp he left, and he tries to help us always. Once we needed some manure for the garden, and he brought it in barrowfuls, and he comes back often and looks at us silently.

Ralph is a tiny pale boy who was supposed to be dying. He got very well and very tough, if not exactly strong, and he loved cold shower-baths, and revelled in the outdoor Night Camp, flushing all over his pale face when he spoke of it. "If I could come back," he cries when we see him. "I got colds again when I came inside. Why can't I go back?"

The most faithful of Camp girls is Isabel, who came to us a very pale, weakly girl of ten, sullen, and with a curvature. Nothing ever daunted her. She did everything with the greatest spirit—a regular “sport” her teachers called her. Her school work was fairly good. She remained sullen and also over-sensitive. It seemed as if all the health and healing stopped short of the moral nature. And yet all the while she was ready to do anything. Four years later, when much of the health work—such as sleeping out—had to be given up, she had grown into a tall, robust girl. “Isabel,” said her teacher of that year (he was a day-teacher, a delicate young man) in a voice full of awe, “is strong. She is stronger than any boy in the school.”

Elsa is very different. Even as a child of ten her dark eyes glowed with intelligence. A kind of hunger for life and unknown joys seemed to possess her. She quickly learned to read and write well, and she loves history and is quick in learning French. She is still, after four years, a sallow, delicate girl, having lost something of the health and strength that came in the palmy days when she ate at school and slept out. Sometimes when she helped in Camp we kept Elsa to dinner. “I do miss that,” she said once to her mother. “You do not know how splendid *food* can be!” In the new clothes which she made for herself she created a sensation at school treats; and she still comes and goes, hungry-eyed, intelligent, and refined—all her budding powers and charms damped and hindered by want.

One or two more portraits must suffice, and

though many crowd in and are of equal interest, each possessing the indefinable, but haunting attraction of a personality that stands alone, yet I will select Robert.

He was a melancholy lad, but extraordinarily self-possessed, and with a pitying and confident look in his sorrowful eyes. One would say he was disillusioned, and looked down from lofty heights on a misguided world. He had been coddled from babyhood, and when he arrived—composed, but mournful—with his mother, she assured us that she had warmed his pillow every night since he was a baby, and that the mere sight of our beds made her shudder. He had been ill all his life, however, and as the pillow-warming method had failed, she was willing to try another treatment; and after some conversation went away shaking her head mournfully and leaving a large bundle of socks and shawls. Robert looked at the showers with consternation. Later he got to like the bath and the open-air life, and gazed quietly but encouragingly at newcomers.

Now and again a scholarship child would come in. One of these, Philip, had done brilliantly at his former school. He electrified us all one day by working a problem in the second book on the coal-house wall. Philip was terribly white and tall, with a narrow chest and drooping figure. He got well and left us a strong, chubby-cheeked boy, who had lost his chance of some examination or other but was no longer an anxiety to his mother.

All these children and others were hungry and for the most part inarticulate. They wanted, not only food, but other things—things that had never

fallen in their lot. We had visitors, and one of these stirred up all this smouldering life into a flame. She was a very brilliant woman of title, beautiful, too, and with great mental powers. She might have redeemed a Cabinet or saved a nation. Not being called to do this she talked to our children of an evening. The boys crowded around her, and the girls too, the latter a little over-absorbed by her clothes and hands. All were mystified a little at first by her speech. The fact is, that only a few of them could really understand educated English. Fred from the Stowage was hampered by the difference of language, but he got over all that somehow. He was the eldest of six and wanted to earn money. ("That's what I hev against this here school," he said to her; "ye can't do anything of an evening but improve yerself.") And he told her of all the deaths in his family. "Every corpse of 'em was limp," he explained. He showed her his drawings and began to wear a new look of pleased astonishment.

A millionaire's daughter came, too, and stayed with us and taught in the school. The whole place throbbed with wild hope and admiration. Some children even began to use their dictionaries, and all grew cleaner and handsomer every day.

These rich women had a distinct influence, and far more exhilarating effect than even our Indian visitor who knew Tagore. What did we all expect from them? Certainly not money: not alms nor patronage. They opened the windows of new worlds and the young prisoners of poverty looked out on them for a moment.

As summer advanced, and the garden and

shelters were filled with warmth and alive with fellowship, even the newcomers shed their fears. And side by side with this confidence came a new doubt, a suspicion of truths seen in twilight. Out in the open we began to have bold hopes—hopes that flamed higher than those of any examination room. I do not know how far our children realized our intention. It is quite certain that they grew anxious for the goodwill of the doctors, teachers, nurses, and friends at their side, and became willing to second their efforts more and more.

VII

EDUCATION IN CAMP

FEW of the great secrets of physical development have ever penetrated into the school. The actor, for example, is taught to move and to speak. Anything that prevents him from doing this—whether disease, or bad habits, or a bad accent—is got rid of somehow. But in the higher walks of the theatrical world, nothing short of a thorough physiological training is given. And yet all our schemes of physical training proceed without any help from the real specialists, so that for nearly forty years there were actually military men superintending the drill of delicate little girls!

Early in the year (1913) Dr. Burney examined at the Deptford Clinic the back of every child over ten years of age as a matter of routine. He writes: "Out of this method I have been enabled to detect 117 cases of spinal curvature of greater or less degree out of a total of 124 cases examined. I may note here that only twelve cases were actually sent to us during the whole of the past twelve months for spinal complaint from the schools, and I think this fact will drive home the need for a more thorough routine inspection of every child over ten." He classified under four headings—A, B, C, D. A.

class here stands for the perfectly normal back, B, C, and D stand for a more or less serious departure from A. There were 67 girls and 57 boys.

	A.	B.	C.	D
Girls	3	35	28	1
Boys	4	37	16	—

These figures speak for themselves. They and other figures that have reference to defective breathing and disease show not merely that certain children are more or less sickly or deformed, but they point to the fact that our educational system is built on a foundation of sand. We have to consider not merely new exercises, but a new curriculum growing out of these like a plant out of clean and good soil. And small as was our scope at Evelyn House, we gave remedial drill with the aim and hope of reaching at last the sound teaching of all school subjects.

* * * * *

The new foundations were laid in new ways of living, and included feeding, bathing, sleep, dressing. Thus the specialist teacher had to begin her work by dressing the children so that they could take the lessons. She devised warm flannel loose jackets fastening down the back, knickers, and we got drilling shoes from various sources. The drill itself falls roughly into three sections, each of which branches out at last into educational work of a definite character, developing at last into right methods of training and teaching all the subjects of the elementary school.

These three drill sections are as follows :—

First. Breathing drill, designed to increase and regulate the breathing powers, and with them the right use of all the organs concerned in speech, to wit : the lips, nose, larynx.

Second. Drill concerned with the gross defects of the skeleton and spinal column : curvature, knock-knees, fallen ankles, and also a dull condition of the skin and poor circulation in general among school children to-day.

Third. The development of the muscular system and the hand.

From the *first* order of drill, beginning in breathing, and including the vocal organs (massage and bathing can be taken as a part of each and all the drills) follows later : voice-production, language, singing, and reading ; following on still later into recitation, composition, dramatization, and later still one or more foreign languages, as, for example, Latin and French.

From the *second* order of drill come the ordinary kinds of drill and dancing, and from the *third*, all kinds of work which has as its aim the making of a clean and good environment : washing, scrubbing, polishing, cooking, mending, sewing ; passing *later* into woodwork, dressmaking, drawing, painting, writing, and gardening, and *later still* into science, mathematics, chemistry, and physiology.

Thus working upward from drill (to correct deformity) and from labour (which might have made the drill unnecessary), the upper structure of education would rest on something solid and *real*.

Many years have passed since I tried to introduce more thorough methods of testing and develop-

ing breathing-power in children, and since that time the whole subject has had attention ; but, as often happens, the training is not carried out as it should be because of the large classes. Most of the children we saw had some kind of breathing drill at school. It resulted in their doing something new with the diaphragm, but it was a new wrong thing in most cases.

Thus, when a child entered Evelyn House, he was asked to breathe deeply. He began, in some astonishment, to sniff in air with tightened nostril, and then push it out with flattened chest. The upper chest should be vaulted after out-breathing, for if the chest falls, there is of course undue pressure on its contents, while, if the diaphragm is used properly, the lower ribs and abdomen return to their first position without causing any flattening of the upper chest. To expire is to make the counter-movement of inspiration, so that the muscles that were tense in the in-breathing movement become limp in the outgoing movement. These counter-movements, once thrown out of rhythm, cannot be won back without some individual training.

The first movement cannot be learned in class, standing. The child has to lie on the floor, or still better, in summer, on a blanket strewn on the grass, or in a shelter. Closing the lips, he must take breath slowly through the nose. When he can no longer take breath into the lungs without straining, he should open the mouth and let the breath out quietly and noiselessly. He has to practise these movements until he gets a new set of muscular associations in connection with right ways of breathing and using the diaphragm. Thus, consciously

he has to regain what once he learned unconsciously. When this is done, small-class work may have value. Even when the right movement of the diaphragm has been regained the work is only begun, for the bad habit of breathing *only* through the mouth has to be got over. It is often a very long business. The facial muscles round the mouth and nose are often so stiff that it looks at first as if the child would never "live" at all around these parts. It is best to start with the lips. They should be pouted and drawn back quickly. The child will often, in trying to do this, merely pull the lips tighter, but cannot push them out at all. He cannot say "o," but only make a sound like "aw." He may at first have to lift the upper lip with his finger, but this should be done till the muscles begin to obey the will. *Lifting lip exercises* should be taken. The upper lip is lifted as high as possible and pulled down sharply. It is, however, very difficult to keep the mouth shut. At first it remains open after every effort, simply because the first attempts to use the lip muscles at all end, as we saw in the child who says "aw" for "o," in muscular contraction.

Nose exercises: Massage.—The stiff, corpse-like nose has often to be rubbed gently, and also the lips. Miss R— had to develop a whole system of dealing with inert faces gradually, and in the last year a great advance was made. She gave, in addition to massage, *Humming exercises*. First these were simple sounds, but later the hummed scale was practised also. *Whistling exercises.*—These were helped in school by a tin whistle band, which the Head Master trained to play for Morris dancing, and

at singing lessons. There were *nose-tapping exercises* (the pupils take a long breath, and holding the lips well closed, tap as the breath comes slowly through the nose) and *single-nostril drill* (as when holding one nostril and lips closed, one tries to blow something away). All this drill looks foolish and childish to those who cannot see its uses, and above all the dire need for it. If we had teacher-nurses in every Camp they might be unnecessary.

Sometimes the patient co-operates in such a vigorous way that the teacher's hard task is suddenly lightened. It happens, too, in this as in other matters, that the common sense of a mother comes to the rescue of the specialist. Once, in Bradford, a mother helped us very much. Finding her child's mouth was still open all night, in spite of the fact that the adenoids had been removed, she sealed it up, or rather got her child himself to seal up his lips every night. Many of our little patients do the same. They put a bit of thin cloth with adhesive ends across the front of the lips and sleep with closed mouth in this way. *Tight gripping exercises*, too, are often undertaken very gladly. A child will tighten his lips by climbing, by making an effort that taxes his powers and tests his will.

And, indeed, if one examines the various movements involved in remedial drill of face and chest, one is struck at last by the fact that they are nothing more nor less than the movements of voluntary attention and interest. The diaphragmatic breathing, the closed glottis, the tightened lips, the strongly dilated nostrils, the steady eyes belong to every thinker. They are integral parts of any thinking he does. In carrying out these exercises we are then not

merely getting on the track of health, but are leading the child on to be again a thinker and a doer.

Hard as the work is for teacher and child, the reward is great. Nothing can be more beautiful than to see at last, after weeks of effort, the waves of new life float into once dull eyes, and quiver in the once numb and expressionless features.

Spinal cases.—Most spinal cases are “rickety” cases. But some curvature is caused, perhaps, and certainly made worse, by the evils of “schooling.” The deformity gets worse year by year if untreated, and at fourteen there seems to be very little hope of remedy. The treatment is threefold. First by free-standing exercises ; second by massage, pulling exercises, crawling movements, which the patient goes through by getting down on all fours and walking on hands and knees round in a circle, pulling on the muscles of the weak side and exercising them so that in time the normal balance on both sides is made more or less equal.

The Ribstall exercises (of lifting, heaving, climbing) are, of course, largely a kind of substitute. The children have not been able to heave, lift, and climb in spite of all their efforts. City life has been too much for them. It is true that the street-boys hang on to moving vehicles and climb walls and trees to the risk of their lives. But even the boys have a poor chance in “respectable” neighbourhoods, and the girls none at all. We have put up ribstalls even in the Baby Camp, and I have seen even little children take the exercises which Miss Riddell gave. They climb the bars, hang on one arm down and on the other, swing as

they hang, and generally do their best for themselves. They are much hampered, of course, by their guardians, and seeing how little strength and control they have, this is well. But the whole work of the "advanced" spinal Clinic is to give the exercises that are common and natural in a free outdoor life. A child who has once become seriously deformed must be treated alone. Out of ten girls taken in a class, only the eight who had had training *alone* before class-work were completely cured.

Flat foot, etc.—The number of flat feet is great, and there is a variety of defects of the foot and knees, as will be seen from the table in the Third Report of the Health Courts :—

Flat Foot,
Knock-knees and Flat Foot,
Muscular Weakness,
Talipes Varus,
Paralysis.

Curvature has an effect on the whole body, so one is not surprised to learn that a very large percentage of the spinal cases suffers from knock-knees. This is so marked that it is impossible for them to stand with their heels together without bending over. The child, when asked to stand at "attention," stands on one leg instead of on both, and so the tendency to curvature is encouraged.

A great deal can be done for the feet of the elementary school child, but it is difficult to see how it can be done well outside a Clinic. Even after the remedial exercises have worked a great

change, it is not wise to go back to the old flat-footed life. Running on tiptoe, running on heels, the pressure of the soles against some resisting thing—a beam or pole—climbing, many foot games in short, children are only too eager to invent if they are in the open. I have seen children climb during the dinner-hour on the fence in front of the Camp, run, balance themselves on one foot on the ledge, spar with others while balancing, run and hop on tiptoe on the ledge. Then there is the *natural* exercise of dancing, and more especially by tiptoe dancing as in reels and Highland schottisches. Also skipping, tiptoe running on bare feet, etc.

Bathing.—This was taken at Evelyn House not merely for cleansing, but as a means of improving the tone of the muscles, improving the circulation, and also to bring about a healthier state of the skin. It was, in short, among other things a method of general touch-training.

To my surprise, we found that in starting this we had to meet and deal with the very evil that was most difficult to reach, or even to write about, but which somehow sapped and lowered the *moral* of many children, and even checked the *élan* of youth towards idealism and high ambition of a noble and *natural* order. Children who had slept with four others in one bed in their homes clung in the daytime to their clothes.

Of course Miss Riddell got over all these objections by tact and patience, but also by the bracing influence of her own personality. The children selected for a complete course of physical training (and these, of course, came with their own and their parents' consent) were taken in different classes,

boys and girls, but had the same teacher. They first had some graduated exercises. They then had a cold shower-bath—the more delicate had the water warmed a little—and then, back in the classroom, they did rubbing exercises with great vigour, including arms, legs, trunk, shoulders.

The results were various as well as striking. As to the purely physical results, the doctor's report may be quoted, and the mothers'. But I saw other results, and the teachers saw them also. The first was the obvious detachment of all the children from everything but the upward struggle for fitness. I have seen a teacher take a large class of boys at the most difficult age, and later a class of girls which was, at first, even more difficult. And it was impossible to doubt that a world of hidden distorted feeling, of half-strangled but swollen appetites had been smitten into something clean and fair. And this without any kind of preaching or moralizing.

Our shower-bath was the very simple one Miss Sewell had made, and which had cost less than three shillings. A pipe was fixed to the outside water-pipe, and this was drawn over a large nail in the wall and furnished with a hose. The whole was placed over the drain, and often (but not in the class-time washing) we had a canvas curtain round the bath, hemmed at the bottom and with stones in the hem to keep it down. What happiness and what health were won in that garden! There never surely was a tiled and silver-topped bath that gave half so much joy! Even now, though it is taken down, I think of it and of those bright long evenings when the garden rang with merry voices, glow-

ing more brightly every year, not only with evening primroses and nasturtiums, but with fairer children.

The Camp Head Teacher supplemented all the remedial work and completed it. He organized breathing and bathing drill, and carried out every exercise with some knowledge of every child's condition. He took Morris dancing with the boys, and organized, as we said, a tin-whistle band. He gave free-arm drawing as physical drill, and incidentally prepared his children to write well and to learn to write easily. He let his pupils go bare-foot all summer, and invented leaping games. And he carried nearly the whole school away to the fields every week and played cricket and football. Even that was not all.

In June a real Highland piper came, and with pipes and tartans and glittering shoes, lifted the whole street, as well as the Camps, into a state of joyful excitement. It was a pretty sight when, in the wide and sunny shelters, the boys and girls assembled with clean bare limbs and shining morning faces. The girls now wore the costumes they had made. The boys wore clean jerseys, and the younger ones had a pinafore and belt. The babies came too (for we had a Baby Camp then) ! They stood in front, and were quite the most hopeful pupils, as one might expect. And though the elder children had a good deal of difficulty in learning their steps, and the leaping dances of the Gael in the grass were still a little difficult for them, no class or country surely could show a finer race of young people. The Highland teacher had begun to prophesy great things when he was called away to the war.

School Subjects and how they Emerged.

The first thing that emerged and began to sparkle on the face of the waters was the power of speech. It came at last, slowly but surely, hardly as the results of work done at Evelyn House, but mainly through the efforts and method of the Head Master.

He had now to deal with very much improved lips and noses, and it was possible for him to teach singing with thoroughness. He began many things by song—and I think he was right—the teaching of History and Geography and other subjects not usually approached in this way. The campers sang a great many exercises beginning with “coo.” They sang it, and sang it with loosened lips. They listened to it; they softened it; they whispered it; they intoned it, as well as other sounds not quite so musical; and at last they learned to sing a little songlet, and were startled and awed by their own wonderful new voices. Every one, indeed, was a little astonished to see how at last out of the strong came forth sweetness. People used to stand at the Camp door and listen. The neighbours used to lean over the palings and open their windows wide. Often the young voices floating out on the air like a river of sweetness drew those in the street. It was a revelation. It had nothing at all in common with the thing that was hitherto called “singing.” Wonder struck the listeners dumb, and always when the campers sang—and they sang at last in the Imperial Institute—there was a great silence.

And then we went on to recitations. The teacher read something, and the children began to listen hard so as to remember it. After the reading one and another put it into his own words, and a very,

very small store of words it was at first, and wonderful interpretations were given.

It is pretty certain that many children understand very little of what is said or read to them by teachers. To change this one must begin in the Baby Camp, so that *the habit* of understanding may be cultivated. Our children were often mystified, often dead to what was said to them. But they became curious and their interest was roused by novel intercourse. We had child visitors, as well as ladies from the Unknown World. One day a little Jewish-American girl came and recited poems of Tennyson. A rare little person she was, fabulously rich, but tender. The sight of the by-streets troubled her, and pity got into her voice, the sweet, unwounding pity of a child. As she leaned, as it were, on the fine and harmonious words their value was trebled, and they gained a new significance. The audience did not understand it all, but their vague unrest deepened. Our boys and girls were really impressionable at last. After this we began to have much recitation, and the speech, and speaking voice of our children, though not equal to the West-End child's, followed hard after a like beauty.

Our school sang and listened, and talked a great deal. Indeed, I began at last to feel it sang too much, and should go on to the study of history, geography, French, and other subjects. I pointed out to the Head Master that we were set in the heart of a region full of the glamour of undying romance—that here were the sites of deeds and strivings that determined our present, peopled by the ghosts of the Immortals. We got pictures of Drake playing bowls with the Armada in sight, and

of the Spanish ships in English waters. But very few cared to look at them. What did it matter to us that our home is the cradle of the British Navy, and that all that was greatest in our history haunts the bends and shallows of the river from Greenwich to the Tower? or that, close by, is the inn where the Canterbury Pilgrims rested on the road to the Creek. If we loved the mulberry tree (in our Baby Camp), it was certainly not because Wellington drank tea under it with his friends. Nothing in the way of regional romance stirred us at first, not even the street called after Peter the Great. It dawned on us at last (as it dawned eighty years before on the great Dane, Bishop Grundtvig), that the Imagination is not moved at first by visits to places, but by people we love, people who are moved by something told to us, about those near to us, and above all through the emotion and impulse of natural song.

History begins with stirring tales round the hearth—stories told by grandfathers and grandmothers, parents or nurses in words aglow with the emotion of the speaker. "Come hither, Evan Cameron, and stand beside my knee." Grundtvig, finding that young men and women had not had this awakening at home, offered it in the Danish schools. We tried to give it in our shelter of an evening. Our wonderful friends talked of things in our street. They were interested in our children's own names (one girl was a Suckling, and there was a boy called Herring). They talked of the streets and the barge and shipbuilders (our own ancestors) of bygone days and the love of kindred, reaching out a little farther into the dim past, was

kindled. But the great revelation came when we sang songs of our own race—Old English songs and Scottish Jacobite songs. Later we sang amusing little French catches. The children grew so keen on our own songs and the stories, that at last they really wanted to look again, and this time with new eyes, at the river and bridges and the long familiar streets.

As for geography, we began to learn that by listening to our friend who had been everywhere. She had travelled in France, in Italy, in Greece, in Syria, and she brought coloured prints and photographs to Camp. She could speak very simply, and the groups came tighter round her in the evening. How beautiful she looked, with her dark eyes aglow and all the school gathered near her, drinking her words! It was to her own vivid descriptions and word-paintings that the children owed their first living and growing interest in geography. It has been said that teachers used to talk too much and scholars too little, and to speak to the dull and devitalized may be a waste of time. But if we had one "result" to rejoice over, it was this—that many of the campers were now vitalized and sensitized so as to be good listeners. They listened eagerly. It was not so in later days. It is not so now. A great deal has been lost already, for the physical training we gave in 1913 is impossible through poverty in 1917. "One-third of the whole school find it impossible to remember any great landmark or date in history," writes our present-day teacher. "They have no vision at all. It often seems hopeless to waken any real interest at all!" But in the years before the war they had vision.

The imagination of nearly every child was active

then, hampered terribly, it is true, by lack of life and real experience. When they failed, this was due nearly always to poverty of experience, not to inner languor. Our assistant master, moved by the new animation of the school, took counsel with a Band of Hope man, who lent us some fine lantern slides, and some evenings were made memorable by the life that was thrown on the wall of the darkened shelter. Finally we bought a large number of the "Life of Many Lands" series. Also a fair number of adventure and travel stories, illustrated history books, and we began to make maps on the shelter floor. At last we took a flight into the country. We lodged in a barn, and were hampered a good deal for lack of proper food and shelter. We attempted other journeys. But these excursions were more or less ordeals, and a little too hard. We were glad to be back in Camp.

Crafts.

It was not necessary to give up the story method when we began to put our Camp in order, to make it clean and home-like, to make a beginning in work and craft. The campers loved to see pictures of Lap and Greenland homes, to hear of primitive British homes, and above all, they listened eagerly to the gentle Hindoos, who came not once, but many times to visit us, and who told them about the homes of India. Our lady traveller told us a good deal about the Japanese too—their sunlit rooms and clean floors. In spite of all, we picked up brooms and brushes without much enthusiasm. The child of poor streets has had a grim introduction to home-making and all its crafts.

However, we made a start. The Head Master drew up a scheme of work and gave every child his task. In the beginning we had a caretaker full time, but even then some of the children were told off to help with the preparation of breakfast and laying of tables, and to take care of the boiler. Then we had help once a week, or even twice, so that floors and walls might be thoroughly done at short intervals. But the children had to dust and polish and to do all the ordinary work of the camp. It was only a little time and a little labour that was claimed from each. The whole school was designed so as to economize labour. When the bed trestles were stacked in the caves, the dishes washed and the ledges dusted, there was no more to be done for the day. The little that was done, however, showed that home-making is skilled work, and that we were not going to succeed without sorrow.

The amount of crockery that was broken was amazing. Dishes had to be replaced again and again. Even the tough pot-mugs and basins were quickly dented and bumped out of shape, water-cans were always used as footballs in the first weeks. When the breakages were at their height, we tried the carrying exercises of Binet, in which the children have to carry brimming mugs and bowls without spilling. They did these well, so it was clear they simply did not apply their powers in Camp work.

We had only one outdoor cooking-pot. It was a large stone font-shaped boiler with a tin chimney. This chimney was an offence to us often, for when the wind blew in the wrong direction we got the smoke in Camp. Doubtless our poor equipment

hampered us. Certainly in our large Camp there were very few boys who could be trusted to watch the soup or make the porridge. I was very much struck by the fact that while our children could learn to read, write, sing and dance as well as most, and could compare favourably even with the best on these subjects, they showed some deficiency just where one would not expect it—that is, in the doing of what is often called menial work. We could never be proud of the campers' housework.

Yet we heard of great successes in this work. There is a beautiful old manor-house with wide spaces, verdant lawns and rustling woods, and nearly every kind of natural beauty all around. The great oak-beamed halls famed in English story, and the parqueted floors and great kitchen need the skill and strength of willing hands to keep them shining. And they are kept shining. School girls of sound health keep them so. Once all out of poise through doing only ladylike things in childhood, they are now in full vigour. One sees the back-rush of Nature, outraged but coming back, not with a fork, but with new gold and frankincense.

The girls cook, wash, dust, polish, dig, drive, milk goats, and wait at table. And the rooms shine as with a new splendour. They seem to say to every visitor: "Look at us! All done by artists—not servant labour, not slave labour—artists' work."

The girls work in batches, and take the house duties in rounds. Each has, I think, only one or two hours of house-work every day. They have a stiff curriculum, and do a great deal of hand-work, and also research work—finding and cleaning

relics, making charts of the village and old buildings. But they also seem to go far in mathematics and languages, forging ahead of the children who are waited on hand and foot instead of doing everything for themselves. They show very considerable dramatic powers. The principal is the chef, but a troop of girls serve under her as kitchen-, scullery-, and waiting-maids.

The child of mean streets should not perhaps have to go through such a thorough course of home-work, because at home he has had work to do which, as a general rule, has injured him physically. There is no parallel between his sweeping and coal-fetching and wage-earning and the home-work of King's Langley Priory. Child labour is not home-making, and the great distinction is seen when the former ends, as it nearly always does, in a kind of mental breakdown, and the latter in a mental uprising.

As things get broken in Camp the children had to turn their thoughts to mending and making. A wood-shed and work-bench and a few carpenter's tools were needed from the start. All kinds of odd jobs had to be done in Camp. There were simple things to be made also, such as trestle-beds, reading-boards, boxes, and the simple things needed in the wash-shed.

But we never got far. I think the children were ready and willing. Help failed them here. We had no teachers. It is very hard to break through the fence that separates what we call "Art" from "Labour." If it were not so, every boy would make things, and at last ask—"Why can I not make a house?" And the answer would be—"There

is no reason." Our boys never asked this question. But the children of a school in Bradford, which is said to be for mentally deficient children, have not only asked, but have answered this question. The school is on the outskirts of Bradford. They needed new classrooms. Out into the great bare fields, overshadowed by the great hills, the master and scholars went and made the extensions. There they built great sheds. These are large enough to be used as classrooms. The boys themselves dug the foundations, laid the bricks — did all the woodwork, and put in the furniture. They had quite a large school before winter set in, classrooms with windows looking on three sides; close by there were outdoor washrooms, with hot water laid on. The coachhouse of the building in which the school was started has since been turned into a bathroom, and in a big loft huge beams and parts of the new sheds were sawn out. It is not a very costly kind of school building. They are not imposing, those dark sheds under the shadowy hills; and yet it seems to me a school big with promise.

For just as good home-making is the beginning of crafts, home-building is surely the vestibule of science. No campers could get so far as the building of their own camps without stumbling across some of the problems that were worked out many centuries ago by primitive men whose minds were stirred by the same kind of labour and necessity. Geometry, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics—even Hygiene, is there any practical introduction to these, but this, that we build and know the place we live in. The Camp children built no home. We stirred, we even startled them, and we made them well and

IN CAMP

very good-mannered. But we did no more. Something stopped us there. Yet they became more or less dimly aware that there are problems of environment that have been left for them to solve, and that they will soon be responsible not only for the Camp, but for the city: but their Science training stopped short here, hindered by obstacles that are found everywhere in England, that hold us back even while we seem to be in the van of nations.

We could not find teachers. We could not raise money. There was a great deal of money in England at that time—and with a very small portion of it the education that would wipe slums off the face of the earth could have been given. But no. Our hasty scouting among possibilities was checked here.

“No one can go against an Act of Parliament,” said one legislator. “If you have laws passed, at great expense, you must stick to ’em. Your buildings are *not* up to the mark.”

VIII

THE HIGHER GRADE CAMP

IT was a pity. In all the work we assumed that boys and girls would be prepared to enter on a training in science. We wanted to make them ready (though these were pre-war days) to play each his own part in a work of reconstruction that will tax the powers not of a few leaders only, or of a ruling class, but of the whole nation. Just as fifty years ago the hour struck when all had to learn the three R's more or less perfectly, so after the Great War science must be the heritage of all. Boys cannot, therefore, pour out of school at the age of fourteen and under. All that is done for them in the elementary school must be done and planned on the assumption or rather the certainty that they are to attend school up to the age of sixteen and over. Only thus can elementary education bear fruit. We cannot devise "suitable occupations" for children of thirteen and fourteen who are merely to be turned out as material that can be spoiled in the labour market. If they go out to "earn money" at thirteen or fourteen, there is no use in planning their education at all. It is very largely wasted effort. In pre-war days we planned, and were balked. But we will not always fail. It is unworthy of all we have learned and suffered to

yield to the kind of pressure that made us suffer so terribly in 1914.

Though we should have no wage-earning before sixteen, this does not mean that we should see no value-producing before that age. We have learned, even by our tentative efforts, that boys and girls of sixteen and seventeen, if properly trained and nurtured, can become producers, and that their work should go a long way towards making possible their prolonged education financially easy. If they do not put up fine buildings they certainly can make beautiful objects—clothes, furniture, apparatus. They can grow some of their own food (they do that already in the Camp school and in other schools); they can do without service; and they can reveal their own special powers and aptitudes in this work carried on as education and with educational ends in view, so that their parents and teachers need be in little doubt as to what they can do on leaving school.

But no! The Higher Grade or Secondary Camp has not yet come into existence even as an experiment. We kept some of our boys in the Night Camp after they went to work. It was not a successful venture. Work-a-day life put them out of touch with the spirit of the Camp. And yet it would have been so easy to keep them. The Upper Grade Camp School would be the easiest to organize, as it would certainly be the most fruitful of all—the firstfruits, indeed, of the great harvest to come. How often did our elder boys try to gain a little light and help as to their future! “I suppose I couldn’t be an engineer?” said one. “You’d need money for farming,” observed Sam

one day—a graceful, clever boy, soft-spoken and untruthful. Sam improved morally as well as physically, and had an interest in the bottles of artificial manure our Head Master had filled and ranged on the shelves. He actually did go on the land afterwards, and we put him in correspondence with a friend from New Zealand who worked with our boys for a fortnight, and who declared he would get his Government to take consignments of our lads “out.” This scheme fell through. Many things fell through. What astounded us most of all was the responsiveness of the children. How easy it would have been (among other things) to double and treble their earning power. We made a great many well-spoken young people who need not go into a sanatorium. We sent out boys (who had been invalids) who entered the Navy and went to the front. We made girls into gentle women. We might have done more.

They went away with a kind of resentment. Why had we, having done so much, not done more?

* * * * *

Still, the Clinic doctors were enthusiastic. “In at least 80 to 90 per cent. of cases, you have only to ask the mothers their opinion to feel that here, in these camps, is a new and fruitful field for workers,” wrote Dr. Burney in his Report.

Of the *Nervous System* cases, the *Malnutrition* cases, and *Tuberculosis*, he wrote in the Report of 1913-14: “In all these last three groups the treatment having the very best results in those who underwent it is unquestionably the Open-air Camp life. It is pleasurable when these cases

come up to me each week to note the striking improvement in those who come from the Camp."

Of the *General Debility* cases, he says: "All these are best dealt with in the Open-air Camp."

In the same report Dr. Eder, the Senior Medical Officer, writes as follows (he is a specialist in eye diseases, but takes general cases):—

School baths, clean sleeping, and clean clothes would practically abolish all our children's eye diseases. The 174 cases of conjunctivitis I treated this year are almost all preventable by school baths, both directly and indirectly by the lesson they convey. For the present we can only treat the diseases as acquired. There was a small epidemic in one or two schools this summer. I excluded the afflicted child, but I doubt whether this restricts the spread of the infection. The children have ample opportunities of meeting one another after lessons. (This disease never appeared, of course, in Camp, nor did any "preventable" ailment.) So long as possible and having regard to the limits of accommodation, and the prejudices of parents, we sent every case of debility to the Camp School.

Going more into detail, he continues :

There have been 47 boys this year in the Camp School: 31 of these have gained in weight, the average gain per week of one boy being nearly 9 oz. The newcomers have gained remarkably in the first week or two. Some boys are stationary, who have nevertheless made good progress. Of 17 girls in the Girls' Camp, 13 have gained substantially in weight, 3 have lost weight, while in one there was no change. The heaviest gains in weight have been in winter.

Sleeping Habits of Children.—An inquiry is being made into the sleeping habits of children, and the nervous affections engendered by over-crowding. A very large number of children up to the end of school age sleep two and three in the same bed. I have cases of five and four in the same bed. In a considerable number of cases boys and girls up to twelve and thirteen sleep with their parents in the same bed. Certain

nervous affections are, in my opinion, engendered by this habit. When a child is allowed to have a separate bed these symptoms are not infrequently allayed. In many cases it is a case of poverty and lack of accommodation. Too much must not be expected when the child is allowed to have a bed to himself only at a comparatively late age. *The Open-air Camp with its separate bed* for each child has helped very much in some cases.

General Change due to Camp Life.—The change in the appearance of the Camp girls is very remarkable. I am struck by the great neatness and cleanliness in the clothing, hair, and whole person. They bear themselves in a perfectly new way. Their voices, manner of speech and carriage are entirely changed. The boys appear much cleaner and healthier though the change in them is not so noticeable. The complexion of nearly every child in the camp is quite changed. Sallowiness and pallor have given place to healthy bloom.

"Foreigners" were enthusiastic. Hindoo, French, and even American all said one thing, "England will do this on a large scale." Dr. Paul Hertz, the Chief Medical Officer of the Danish Schools, wrote in *School Hygiene*: "In spite of poor equipment and the poor area, no open-air school children in England or elsewhere can compare with the Camp children in physique and bearing." He expressed the opinion that the Deptford system was superior in every respect but that of equipment to that of Charlottenburg. Finally a Medical Officer of the London County Council who came down to see the Camp was startled into enthusiasm. He wrote a very brilliant account of it which never came before the Committee. Meantime the locality knew the campers well, more especially the girls. When they walked down the street in their new school dress they seemed to light up the place, revealing its light and its dark-

ness. "You can tell who they are at once," said the London County Council official; "they are a kind of walking advertisement. Now you are going to succeed and develop."

He was wrong—we were going to close the Night Camps.

It is clear that three Camps—for we had now in 1914 opened one for babies—and a Remedial Clinic could not be carried on without money. The salaries at the Boys' Camp alone were from £350 to £380 a year. The Remedial Clinic and Girls' Night Camp cost £200, and we had thirty babies and a staff of four people to look after them. I was now receiving £1,200 per annum for the work done at the Clinic, but at least £1,100 of this sum was spent on the Clinic itself. The Clinic salaries alone came to over £800. I saved £200 from the money given by the London County Council; but the balance of the money needed to keep the Camps and extra Clinic going had to come from other sources. There were also the costs of building and plumbing of the three Camps, and these came to more than £500.

To meet the expenses of the Camps I depended on the generosity of a few friends. The Ogilvie Trust helped me and also two friends who do not allow their names to appear. But my great support came from Mr. Joseph Fels. Of the £600 given in 1913 he contributed one half, but in earlier years he gave £400 per annum to the enterprise. Even with all this help so generously given, it was found impossible to carry on without further grants from the L.C.C. That this new help would be given we had little doubt, for, at this time, we

believed that once an experiment was found to be good and worth helping, help would not long be withheld. The great fact we had established was that in pre-war days at least a child could be brought up in a fairly good night and day environment and receive an education that would develop all its powers, for the sum of £10 to £12 per head. We had done it at the rate of £10. Why, then, should not this, or something better, be done for every needy or suffering child in England? There was no reason—there could be none. Britain was enormously rich at that date. If she had been poor, the saving of her children would still be, even from a business point of view, the only reasonable course to take. The more we thought of it the higher mounted our courage.

Representatives, and even Chairmen of Committees, came down and were kind, more especially the latter. The representatives were enthusiastic—never could they have believed it! The children would be a credit to the West End!

But when we came to talk about grants all was changed! "You see," said the representatives, "this school is run in a miserable area. There are all kinds of undesirable property round about. Look at the leather-tanning place there, not to speak of the soap-factory. And then the streets. An open-air school in such a place as this could not be sanctioned."

The Chairmen were much more explicit. "Your buildings," they said, "serve your purpose very well. They cannot, however, be recognized as schools because the Buildings Acts make it impossible. Parliament forbade it when it passed the

Acts and laid down the regulations." "And do not blame us, please," said a conservative gentleman, smiling, "it was progressive legislation that tied our hands. People may die here of preventable illnesses. No one forbids *that*, not too forcibly, anyhow. But if public money is to be given, that is a different matter. People must be helped handsomely or not at all. They must be saved in properly constructed and expensive buildings, such as you could not erect here." "I have built an institution myself," said another of the Chairmen, "and the regulations ran me into all kinds of expense. It was a pity—for the students. They lost a great deal. But now you understand why we *cannot* make a grant to a school that does not fulfil the standard regulations."

Still, I made another effort to avoid closing the Camp. The Chairmen were not against us. One of them was a Jew, with the sympathy and moral insight of his race. He looked into our accounts and saw that I was getting less than the doctors Local Committees. He rectified this at once, and by his vigilant care raised the attendances when they showed any sign of falling away. Finally, when an appeal to the Board of Education brought an assurance that it was in favour of supporting such a venture as ours, our Jewish friend secured an extra £100 per annum for me. This did not save the Night Camps nor the Remedial Drill Clinic, but it helped us to carry on the school as a Day Camp where only the ordinary kind of teaching can be given.

Early in 1914 Mr. Fels died in America, and the income he allowed me died with him. It was April before I learned the news (owing to illness), and for

months I had not seen the Camps. At last I went late to the Evelyn Camp. It was a summer-like night, dark and soft, only a star or two in the sky. One could see where the flowers stood all dim and quiet as if listening. The scent of life rose from the newly turned, newly watered earth. Seventeen girls lay there asleep. A palpitating happiness and hope seemed to possess the place where they lay—a waiting hope and happiness, restrained, but singing loud in the scented dusk.

War.

Then war came like a thunderclap. We wanted more than ever to keep on. At first we tried to meet the new demands in so far as it was possible. We took several children, the sons of soldiers going to the front, as Camp-boarders, and found ourselves suddenly with a Belgian nurse and teacher. These sudden changes and innovations broke into the original purposes of the work. We had a vision of children, some of whom came out of the depths.

"My father killed me mother," said one of these, a lovely dark child of nine, who looked like one of Murillo's Wings-and-Head Angels. "'E done it, an' I sor it." His brother, a forcibly looking child of six, with red hair, a pug nose, freckles, and lively hazel eyes, sat up with animation.

"*You* sor it. Wy, I was wif 'im the old time. I went for the cops."

We had terrible week-ends. Week-ends when we fed our ravenous boarders, and showed them pictures. Among them, as always happens, there was a rare child. We clutched at him and his brother. The elder was going fast into a decline,

and the younger, the *rare one*, had tubercular peritonitis. "A hospital case," said three doctors. But the fourth said—"It may be a terrible case of rickets"; so we kept him. He threw off every trace of disease in time. Sunday evenings were rather distressful. Our children had terrible memories—memories which had worked into the warp and woof of their lives too, and our talks and pictures and entertaining gave them merely a kind of homesicknesses.

"This is Peter, and here is John going to the empty tomb on Easter morning," said a teacher, explaining an engraving of a glorious picture.

"'Tan't," said the red-haired one jeeringly. "Them's burglars. Look at their 'air, 'is 'air, anyways," he insisted, pointing severely to Peter. "The cops is arter 'im."

The boarders did not remain long. The Rare One stopped and his brother, but the others hated the Camps and the cold. We had had 5s. a week for them.

The autumn was not devoid of excitement. A riot broke out in front of the Baby Camp—an anti-German riot, which ended in the midnight flight of a family, and the breaking of windows and firing of woodwork. The Night Camps were closed at Christmas, and in spring we had the first Zeppelin raid. In October we lost three Clinic children, all killed in bed with their parents. One of the three had slept out with us, and was getting on well. Her sister, the sole left after one night's work, came to the Clinic in the morning. Her hair was covered with a soft black powder.

We had to get used to raids. Ours, to quote a

policeman, was "a hot corner." In the midst of all the trouble—the rioting, the departure of the boarders—our Camp children shone out, the nucleus of a new order. Articulate and responsive we knew they were. They showed courage now and touching fidelity. On the night of a very terrible raid one of our boys stamped a fire out in the street, gathered women and children in a cellar, and helped the constable. All came regularly to school. One little brave one and his brother spent a night in a cellar. He said it was *not* very cold, *not* very dark. One of the nurses said she would leave next day. An elderly "help" was in a state of collapse. But we soon settled down. We were joyful and animated in the mornings, and apt to be less hopeful at night. But on the whole much fortitude and courage were shown. Mothers came as early as possible for the children. They called them in at dusk. They had not flocked as yet into the munition factories. Then as weeks passed we began almost to forget the Zeppelin terror as an ever-present thing. True, the empty houses, the wrecked houses, and broken hearts were with us always, but in five long weeks some events begin to appear very distant and shadowy. Nightfall had lost its terrors.

Then suddenly It came back. In a moment, without warning, it was on us. "There is a Zeppelin in the sky dropping bombs! Look!" And we looked up and saw it, sparkling like a sheaf of stars. Boat-shaped it was, or rather, "like a new moon with the sharp ends nipped off," as one man said. Well, it was there, and around it, and making a background for it, the deep blue and all the

glory of the starry heavens. And then—the sounds we knew, the strange, buzzing, and terrible soft plumping sound, followed by the noise of explosion. The bombs were dropping fast. Up soared the fearful ship of flame and terror, disappearing entirely behind a cloud, but the noises did not cease, and far and near towards the east, sinister yellow flames fell, glowing brightly against the dark curtain of cloud that had covered the heavens. The zenith was still bright and the Milky Way unstained.

In front of the house there is a network of lanes and courts behind the main street. They have sent so many soldiers to the front that one can hardly find a house which has no brother, son, or father somewhere in France or in the East. One handsome dark-haired woman rushes out with her children. She has twins clutching at her skirts and a baby in her arms, and the first family of her husband (who is at the front), all children under twelve, bringing up the rear. They live, like so many others, in bewilderment and fear. The noise of the guns drove them out: the mother choosing the doorstep and the street rather than her crowded room, not because they are safer, but because they give some kind of outlook and offer the solace of company. One rosy-cheeked little fellow clutches his mother's skirt and stands by her with the air of a protector. It is our Teddy—our six-year-old speech hero. The bright thing in the sky draws every eye, and awakens admiration and a certain interest. And Teddy, too, feels its strange spell—the spell of beauty. He gazes up in wonder at this floating glory in the sky, and his dark-blue

eyes lose their stony look and become soft and full of wonder.

Suddenly a cry of anguish—a half-stifled but poignant cry startles Teddy's mother. His head falls forward and he lifts up his hand as if in mute entreaty.

"Has something hit you, Teddy?" cries the poor mother, taking the baby in one arm and drawing Teddy to her with the other.

Yes. Some one has hit Teddy. We saw the wound next day. It was a small round hole (such as I have seen in a shot partridge) close to the eye. The rim of it was black, and blood and water seemed to be oozing from it slowly. The whole of the temple and cheek was swollen and blue and the eye closed. (No one was fighting near Teddy. No one had been seen to strike him, and he had not fallen. Out of the Unknown, the Terror that flies by night had reached him.)

The sky still drew every eye with its weird and dazzling beauty. It was clearing eastward, and the stars shone out in great splendour. Over the big open space of the Baby Camp a great vista opened. The shelters on the western side, all in shadow, appeared like the darkened box in a theatre. The sky on which people for ages have gazed, turning thither for comfort in life's fitful fevers, and beholding ever the infinite calm and infinite beauty of the Eternal, was now the scene of a drama of unexampled wrath, terror, and daring. *They* were not gone yet. There, where Job saw Orion, and where the sweet influences of the Pleiades had rained down for untold centuries, a cruel Foe hovered over the crowded homes of the poor. "Ye

have compassion one on another," cried Mahomet long ago to men. He could not foresee that the Empire of Hate would mount so high towards the stars.

The livid fingers of the searchlight wearied not. They seemed to feel along the clouded spaces and to lengthen or retire, quickly finding all they looked for at once, or knowing it to be absent. And soon there came quiet—a short breathing time of an hour. Then the noise of guns again, and the return of the foe. We waited. It was past two o'clock when mothers reassured their weary children and tried to gain a little rest in sleep. It was not the fear of Zeppelins that daunted them, but fear of exhaustion, of the sapping of reserve powers and endurance under the steady pressure of toil and watching.

We did not go back to our fragile house. We have open shelters (which no authority would recognize), and in one of these our children and our tired workers soon fell asleep. From the place where they lay one can look on the open sky with its teeming worlds, with suggestions of life and power that dwarf the significance of even the worst happenings in our planet. Even if our little earth moves in an atmosphere of hate that reaches to the outer ring of its air envelope, yet some day the messengers of Hope will fly swiftly. Even if all hopes for humanity were vain, that shining Zeppelin was a mere bauble hung in the midnight sky. It had no kinship with the worlds that have looked down on us in beauty from our earliest year, and will look down on the unborn in undimmed splendour. The plane-trees whispered softly in the open space

above the wall, and very early, 'while it was yet dark, a stonechat flew in and perched on a beam uttering its sweet, staccato note. The delicate pink buds of the chrysanthemum bushes shone in the dawn light. The New Day drew on in calm, un-hasting beauty.

Teddy's mother came early to the Clinic. She stated all the facts.

The doctor looked at Teddy's eye. He has had a great many inquests lately and is overworked. And like most busy people, he hates to be dramatic.

"What a strange wound!" said nurse. "What a round, dark hole!"

"Could it be shrapnel?" said one.

"No," said another tentatively. "For none fell."

"Didn't it," said a Camp boy scornfully. "I could show you."

The mother was silent. But Teddy spoke. "*Suthin'* hit me," he said, forgetting his lessons, as he sat down to be bandaged. We closed the Night Camps.

The character of our school was changed with the closing of the Night Camp. We could no longer go in for hygiene in a practical way and work at the foundations of things. Our boys and girls did well in French and English. They wrote very creditable letters. They helped us, and seemed to be of another race than were the Stowage children, who threw stones in over the walls and uprooted our daffodils. They are of the same race. The Clinic work went on steadily—100 to 150 were treated there every day. The Baby Camp nurses came and went. There was a fearful epidemic of

measles in the spring, and all round us the babies were dying. The careful nursing that might have saved them cannot be given in poor homes. "It is God's will!" said mothers. Then the epidemic passed. The sky cleared.

We had lost five babies. They died of pneumonia. "We can't help that," said the doctor. "We can't safeguard them from infection since they go home at night. Nor from Zepps." Two of these babies died after a raid. Nearly every one of all our babies lost weight, and had lost it always in the week-ends. They lost faster now. One of the "raid" victims was a great beauty. Every one was proud of him. "He was dying for hours," said his mother, "and he fought for his life like a man."

One would like to pass over all this, but it all happened. To balance it we had some wonderful recoveries. Norman the Rare got over his rickets, and as for the "tubercular peritonitis," nothing more was heard or seen of it. He learned to read and write without paying any attention to our methods. He appeared indolent, but one day (he was eight now) he wrote a long letter to his father in the trenches—a perfect idyll. "I dreamed of you. You had come back, and you were a great man. You kissed me many times, and the war was over. All our troubles were over. That was the end of my dream. Daddy, I am writing to you, and my hands are covered with ink. The ink is on my face, too, but I am not tired of writing. I am your loving son, always." It was astonishing to see how, long ill, long indolent, without a sign or any hesitation he burst into leaf and blossom like a tree. And Florrie

grew tall and rosy, and little Minnie, aged four, looking a peony among children, wrote to her father in creditable half-text. And the older Camp children, who had been with us four years, looked on with steady, faithful eyes. Clean, sweet young things, so quickly rewarding.

* * * * *

As summer went on every one took heart. The days were soft and warm, and Madame Heriot, the *Daily Mail* rose, was in great beauty. It is true, we had a shock in June. Kitchener was dead. One of our Camp boys heard of his father's death in Flanders, and a week later two others were summoned home in haste to their wildly weeping mother. And yet we forgot at times, and took pleasure in the sunshine.

Then *It* came again. It was late in August, when the days begin to draw in visibly. The nights were still warm. Before going to sleep we watched the searchlights weaving their ghostly patterns on the sky. Little silvery clouds appeared, and were tossed like spectral islands into great spaces of darkness, melting away silently at last when the white crossed spears leaped up again as from the hands of Giant Warriors promising deliverance. Under such a sky no one was afraid.

Then in the early watch of darkest night it came—the summons: "The Zepps are here again." The room was ablaze with violet light, and the sound of a distance explosion tore up the silence.

We had two children in the house. They were campers, and used to sleep out. They got up quietly and followed us without a word. We came

downstairs, the house rocking as a fearful blast shook it to its foundations. Once, on the ground-floor, we stood, all silent, waiting, as we believed, for the end. For a bomb struck just behind our grounds, and another almost immediately fell a little to the north of the house, and only a few yards distant. The windows smashed in! And the iron-work above, wrenched out and torn in ribbons, was flung into the middle of the room. The door opening into the yard was ajar. It was red—the world without—like a furnace. A horrible smell of oil poured down from the room above us. After a few moments the rain of explosions suddenly stopped. It was over.

Outside there was a great silence. We were not alone, however, for almost as soon as the explosions stopped, the head and helmet of a burly policeman appeared through the empty window-sash.

"Lot o' broken glass," he said. "Anybody here?"

"Yes, we are here," we answered, and indeed, he saw us standing in the middle of the room.

"All right?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Ye'd better take precautions. This is a time *for* precautions," he announced gravely. And having contemplated the littered room for some moments, he withdrew his head and helmet and set off calmly up the street. Perhaps there was something worse than broken glass near by.

Just below our house there is a long lane of humble little houses, every one of which almost was torn and broken so as to be barely habitable for the night. Mothers with young children they were

for the most part. Munition workers and other kind of day-workers whose husbands are at the war—they woke up to find the beams and plasters tumbling round them. Some were flung bodily into the street.

As morning drew on we were able to see a little of the raiders' work. Behind us the dark bulk of an electrical supply works loomed more clearly in outline, showing a torn frontage and blackened masonry. Splinters from a bomb lay on the ground. In front a row of broken windows. A quiet crowd gathered in the street, which was now guarded at the top by a cordon of policemen.

No one showed any sign of panic, least of all the two children, who had stood like trained troops while the wall was rent, and the ironwork broken and flung at their feet. The Rare One had not uttered a word till he lay down in the tent. "Do you think they will come and see us here?" he whispered then. "Will they look under the roof?"

The hooligan boys of yesterday (some of whom took the keenest delight not only in climbing our trees, but also in throwing large stones over the walls at times, and in places where such exercises were not at all conducive to the welfare of nurses or infants) now stood amazed at the sight of the things that had been done by a far bolder kind of hooliganism than any that they could lay claim to. A deep sense of what is due to the honour of males kept them from speaking words of sympathy. But their young eyes spoke for them. They were ready to do us a good turn: so much could be read in their shy, grave, morning faces.

As we were getting breakfast ready we saw, under

the window, the knife-basket saturated in heavy, dark-coloured oil. The paper with which the basket was lined was soaked, and held quite a pool of the ill-smelling stuff, which filled the house. And all our food, the bread and the eggs, tasted of paraffin. We did not know that we were all, more or less, poisoned.

There were a good many splinters from bombs in the garden. Down the neighbouring streets stood quiet groups, silent and pondering. Only one woman wept. Her son had been killed in France three weeks ago, and her tears fell, drowning all terror, all horror of the happenings of yesterday or of to-morrow. This book is written by stormlight. It has been broken off again and again by sudden calamity. A shadow falls across every page as it is written. But in the darkness and amid the crashing of bombs one thing became clear, viz. that violence is stupid; that the more cruel it is the stupider it seems. We might have died through the anger of a Wild Beast last night. But it was only a Beast. It can be vanquished.

IX

WHAT WE HAVE TO DO NOW

WHEN in 1914 or 1915 the nation was losing its best soldiers and faced round at last to ask, "What have we to do?" it received a brief answer, "You have to get ammunition."

If we ask, "How are we to educate our children?" the answer is equally brief and to the point, "You must get teachers."

Teachers are the captains and the ammunition of the teaching world. I think we need nurses also, but they must be teacher-nurses, not mere "minders" of children.

England has a nursery population of over 1,000,000, and she needs an army of at least 30,000 trained nurses to give nurture to these in their earliest years. The facts of the case are very simple, so simple that he who runs may read them. The number of children which a nurse can take varies with the age of the children. The infant of a few weeks cannot be nurtured as one of a crowd. Yet if they are all healthy one nurse can look after five or six of these and find time to *overlook* the work of nurses engaged with other babies and toddlers. A trained nurse can, in an outdoor camp, look after ten toddlers (or children below three

or four), and a teacher can take a class of older children (from five upwards) numbering twenty to thirty. Roughly speaking, in a nursery school and crèche there must be one nurse-teacher to every ten children. This is the minimum. Any staff should include a matron, a teacher, trained nurses (one or more), and probationers. The upkeep, salaries included, would be £10 per annum for every child. A larger staff would, of course, other things being equal, give a higher order of result.

The training of matron and nurses need not even resemble that of hospital nurses. The Nursery School should be closely in touch with the School Clinic, which should have appointed times for seeing and treating the nursery children, and the Clinic's dentist should reserve sessions for them.

The training of matron and nurses should be such as to give them a knowledge of the Laws of Health rather than Disease. It is true they must be trained to note the symptoms of disease, and more especially the signs of infectious ailments; but no one who has watched the work of a nursery can doubt that the training of the nurse should be on educational lines, and include some knowledge of the laws that govern mental development in early childhood. She ought to understand Outdoor Hygiene. It would seem that the knowledge of what to do in a house does not imply a knowledge of what to do in a garden.

A woeful spectacle also do the poor toddlers present when they are subject to unenlightened discipline! Seated in little chairs in orderly rows,

quiet and idle, they look desolately out on a vacant world. Many arrive at the nursery utterly stupefied by neglect. And since the whole truth must be told, many "trained" nurses believe that they have done all that is needed when they have washed, dressed, fed the toddlers, and sent them regularly to bed. The sight of their empty hands and mute lips does not trouble them at all. We need nurses who can seize educational opportunities and make the first two to three years, what they ought to be, the most rapidly progressive of all.

The Nurses' Training School should include Infant Psychology, Voice-production, Singing, Language-teaching, and the art of helping young children in their early speech. Story-telling, Gardening, and Nature-knowledge—all this should be grafted on to a physiological training. On every staff there should be one nurse able to give massage and remedial exercises. The probationers on the staff of our Nursery School have received a small salary, but in pre-war days this was not given. If possible all probationers should have a good secondary education before going in for the training of nurse-teachers.

The Nursery Schools now in existence are financed from three sources. The parents pay nearly a third of the cost in even such a poor area as Deptford. A weekly charge of 2s. per child is made; but in the case of two children of one family being taken it is only 1s. 6d. In some neighbourhoods the parents are glad to pay 10d. per day, even though there is no qualified teacher on the staff. The Board of Education makes a grant of 4d. per day on every child of

five years old and under. It makes no grant for the Infant Mistress at Deptford Camp who teaches the children of five to seven. This makes an average cost to-day of a little more than £10 per annum per child. A voluntary Committee or Association taking up the work of organizing a Nursery School might have to find a third of the cost. It would not in any area have to find more, and in well-to-do neighbourhoods where work is steady and wages fairly high, the Committee would possibly not have to find money. It is to be hoped that many committees will be formed and that working-class mothers will be represented on them.

It seems clear also—now that we have the Medical Officer's Report before us—that we must have at least one kind of specialist in the elementary school. Not one in six, but five in six children require some remedial drill. At least 1,000,000 (on the authority of the Chief Medical Officer who makes this statement in his Report for the year 1915) can get no benefit from our educational system to-day until they have been treated and trained by a specialist. So we must train a large army of women and men who have learned how to treat all kinds of deformity and chest and throat weakness, and speech defects. This teacher can deal with about 300 cases of rather grave defects in a year. If there are, on a very low estimate, 1,000,000 of these cases in schools in any year, it is clear that we need about 3,500 teachers to be attached to clinics where clinics exist, and to schools as centres where the worst cases could be treated. These would act

as advisers, and inspectors in their own areas ; but as the amount of actual treatment they could carry out would be confined to the worst cases a larger army of specially trained physical instructors would be needed for the four to five millions of children who, though not seriously 'deformed, yet require, every one of them, individual attention and skilled treatment.

To meet this need we must provide a longer course of instruction to at least one in every six of our whole teaching staff. In every elementary school there must be one teacher specially trained for remedial and physical work, and whose duty it would be to note and deal with slight deformity cases, speech-defect cases, to help in the teaching of reading and singing, to take the physical drill, and to refer cases to the Clinic's specialist. The first condition of getting this kind of work done is the training and equipping of 30,000 teachers to *do it* !

Over and above the physical specialist a new order of teacher is needed. This is the Night Guardian, on duty after day school-hours. He would take night-camp duty and be responsible for children in off school hours and at night. In the hands of the Night Guardians would lie all those precious chances of influencing the children, for lack of which our primary education has so often been a kind of mockery. About ten to fifteen thousand of these are urgently needed to start with, and one of our happiest discoveries is that many are already fit for that high office, and that existing sources can be drawn on already, to some extent, to supply them.

Discharged Navy and Army 'men of high

character, social workers full of civic zeal, who have to earn their living, and others who, rich in this world's goods, wish to serve, and men trained in the Scout Movement—all these can soon learn the ritual of a good Night Camp and can draw around them helpers to give talks, and fellowship, and create in crowded city districts the "ceilidhe" of the Hebridean home fires, so rich in culture and nurture-giving powers. These Camps should be open to inspection, and should be even more inspected than the Day Schools. They should be under the control of the Clinics and the Guardian, and the teachers of remedial drill should draw their pupils from them. They (the Night Camps) should also be in close touch with the neighbours. All forms of hooliganism would soon fall back near their gates. In the morning, the clean and glad ways of the campers are like the rising of a new light to the homes around. These centres, the most effective engines of reform, could be started almost without delay. It is only a question of finding high-minded men and women with a high ideal of life and good habits and a power of leading young people in their "free" time. Happily there are many such persons in this country. They form an immense reserve that has never been drawn on as yet. In pre-war days we dismissed middle-aged workers even of the best kind. They were not "wanted." They were not wanted by a people fast growing "wanton." They were needed then and they will be needed in the future. I do not say they would need no training, but the agencies are already in existence (School Clinics and open-air schools) under which they could be trained.

If the school-leaving age is raised, as we hope, to sixteen, all that has kept the elementary school teacher in the ranks of a lowly specialism will be removed. On the other hand, he will be less afraid of developing his special gift, be it for Nature-work, Crafts or Arts, Music, Languages, or Service. He will feel more and more that if we do not specialize in the education of young children that is because, at first, all subjects are implicit in the young child's mind, just as all the branches of a plant spring from one root. But a grown-up person cannot be "all-round" and completely equal in every kind of subject. There are *no* all-round people. They can be manufactured, and they are manufactured to-day, but they are not natural, any more than is the trimmed privet to enclose our kitchen gardens.

The Training Colleges will *have* to specialize. They must first, above all, provide from the ranks of the young teachers specialists in Hygiene. Another section of students should be encouraged to specialize in Languages, in Arts, and in Science. In all this those who train should be guided by the students' own desires and aptitudes. The advantage of all this can be seen even to-day. In Bradford many of the Head Masters and Mistresses were specialists—that is, they had a natural aptitude for one subject, which they taught with enthusiasm and made the pivot of their work. This was, perhaps, the secret of the success of some schools. One Head Master was a born naturalist who would have made his mark in this work if he had followed it as his profession. Another got amazing results in singing and another

in design. Why not use these natural gifts in an open and natural way, letting every master and school choose its pivot subject freely and without shadow of possible censure?

The teachers belonging to any of these sections might, of course, take the lower standards for all subjects. But they would be able to do more. Their real work in education would be as, say, Language teachers for the upper standards, Voice trainers, Crafts and Arts teachers, Science teachers by the thousand, and we should no longer speak of education as people who, wanting bricks, have no available straw.

The lowering of the number of children in classes goes on slowly, very slowly. Meanwhile every one knows that a class of over thirty children is hardly a class: it is, more correctly speaking, a crowd. The average number of fifty to sixty in a class will have to be halved before any very striking advance is made. So we are face to face with the need for far more than double the number of teachers now on the school registers. To equip these and to pay these the country must be prepared to more than double its bills for salaries. Given the large number of ailing children, and the far larger proportion—at least 50 per cent.—whose homes do not offer them what is needed for full vigour and prolonged education, it is clear that the cost for education must rise to at least 70 to 80 millions per annum. This would include, for a large number, real nurture in the early years, and maintenance up to fourteen by such a kind as would make ill-health and mental dullness the exception.

Buildings.—There is one way in which the country might economize without any loss of efficiency. The cost of a new school place in capital expenditure on building was £25 some years ago. It is now £14 or thereabouts. The Camp School building on a liberal estimate would not cost more than £5. This would include baths and dormitory. Five pounds per head would furnish a resident outdoor school. The Local Authorities can save £9 per head in capital expenditure for school buildings, and this kind of economy—the saving on stones and mortar—will go some way towards making possible the new expenditure on teaching power which is the first condition of any serious advance in education.

The building of new schools was stopped in 1914 by the war. From that time, also, the fields and waste places, and also the grounds and gardens of the wealthy, began to be covered by light, roomy, and well-built hospitals and convalescent homes. Canada, as was fitting, led the way, putting up wards, dining-halls, rest-rooms, and kitchens in the open; tennis and racquet courts were covered in a few days or hours and became airy dormitories or wards. When peace comes these, and many other temporary buildings, shelters, tents, etc., will be taken down. There will be a great deal of canvas on the market. What is to be done with it all? It should be bought up by the Education Authorities and used to build the new order of schools. As for sites, there are thousands of acres in London unused at present, and ready for use. Some of this land is already the property of the Education Authorities. The Baby Camp at Deptford is on one of the unused

sites that were bought by the L.C.C. and destined for the erection of big, costly, prison-like school buildings.

The war has given us the material for a new order of school. Let us buy it.

Many of those who will come back do not wish to go into offices or class-rooms. They want to live in closer touch with Nature. To use fine buildings is one thing. To make them into prisons is another. Thousands will come back as open-air people.

These should not all emigrate, or even go into farming at home. There should be open to some another way of useful life in the open.

Our need of Night Guardians, of Camp-teachers is great. Our supply may be great if good salaries and conditions of life are offered. Thus a new order of wholesale redemption will be possible.

X

CONCLUSION

I THOUGHT to end this book otherwise than I shall end it, but things have fallen so unexpectedly, so rapidly, so terribly for me that I can but relate what has happened as the conclusion of our long efforts together.

"Our" efforts, yes. Not mine. For in the long twenty-five years of service that I have tried to give to the children of this country, I have never been alone. My sister has been with me always. In Bradford and in Deptford she was the silent but strong helper, and adviser, strongest always, bravest always in the hour of darkness and peril. And as, however silent and secret her work, she has undeniably rendered and made possible some service to this country, I may be allowed to say a few words here about her life and its end!

My sister's life was one of service and sacrifice. In saying this I do not mean to say that she had the vocation of a religieuse or a persistently self-abnegating person. On the contrary, never was a spirit more ready for joy—yes, and pleasure. She had a great love for beautiful things—beautiful rooms, furniture, clothing, pictures. Born in America, she had the American's love of luxury.

She would have enjoyed riches. No one had keener joy in beauty. Well, she had to put all that aside.

My sister was delicate from birth. Our father died when she was nearly seven, and the great bulwark of life was taken from us. She was brought up in dependence, and went to school in England, living more or less always under strain and pressure. At seventeen or eighteen she blossomed into a young girl of quite rare beauty—a beauty that dazzled and filled even the most indifferent with vague wonder. Our mother died at this wonderful hour of revelation, and my sister went into the sick-room of our grandmother, burying all her gifts (for she was very accomplished), her charm and beauty in a sickroom. She nursed with perfect devotion for twelve years.

Many letters have come to me from her friends in these years. She had a constitutional shyness, and her beauty embarrassed her. For, with a deep and strong nature, she had great reserve, and an instinctive revulsion from any mere playing with life-forces. I believe that her heart was a temple. Circumstances did not harmonize with her natural desire for the joys of life, but the strong current of her human sympathies deepened and brimmed. My grandmother, who was witty, and detached in her judgments, said almost curiously one day and without sentiment, "I have never seen a young girl before with such sympathy for aged and helpless people. It is curious." She herself had married at seventeen. She looked curiously at her young granddaughter. Why did Rachel turn aside always to look, not for joy, but for those whom life had left stranded and desolate?

Living in seclusion, Rachel read and thought deeply. It was she who gave me the first impulse to social work, and pointed out to me the wrongs of the disinherited, the landless, the child-labourer. She ranged herself with the working-class. Their stunted opportunities, their poor pay roused in her a storm of feeling that could not but find some outlet in action. After our grandmother's death, and when Rachel was out in the world with me, she encouraged me to go to Bradford, and later to stand for the School Board. She qualified as a teacher of hygiene under the Kent County Council, and it was her money that supported me for the most part all the time I was in Bradford. "You must go on," she said, "and work for better physical conditions first"; and she carried her point with soft invincibility—finding a home, finding money, and finding reasons why I should yield. She lived very hardly in these years, and I suffered it to be so, alas! In 1902 I came to live with her in London, and then she began to help me in new and more intimate ways.

It is terrible now to think of the strain of these fourteen years. Rachel was working still for the Kent County Council. She, however, threw herself into the pioneer work of getting new conditions for the school children. She drew up with me, in 1904, the first rough draft of a scheme for a School Clinic, and organized the deputation that approached the Minister of Education in 1906 in order to make Medical Inspection of Schools general and compulsory. When the first London Clinics were started, she, the true initiator, did not even join the Committees. Never surely did such a per-

meating and strong influence disguise its origin so completely.

We were opposed on every side. It is heart-breaking to read the pompous, ignorant letters of local leaders, who "were sure we were not thinking solely of the children." The work went on. The Deptford Clinic now treats nearly 7,000 children per annum. The Camp School, in spite of its poor equipment, beat all records in so far as health results are concerned. The Remedial Drill Clinic bore fruit. The Baby Camp (the last, the most difficult of all the enterprises) is now justifying itself. There will be a hundred babies out, in all probability, within a year, and the Board of Education has given £500 to the extension.¹

Rachel was the bulwark and inspiration of all the work. Of her tenderness, her pity, no words can tell. She always knew if any one was suffering. It was she who went first to the sick or sad child as she used always to run to the old, the helpless, and poor, as if by some divine instinct.

On the other hand, she had a terribly clear vision of underlying character and motive. Many popular and much praised people awoke in her little enthusiasm. Her approval was often for things and for people that others thought nothing of. The legislation of 1912-13 irked and distressed her. "Everything is being adapted, even in political life, to the ideal of a serf-class." And again—"How greedily our politicians are adopting the methods of Germany, and believing they are 'advanced' in so doing."

¹ I have called it by her name, "The Rachel McMillan Baby Camp and Nursery School."

The Militant Suffrage movement, or rather the treatment of the women, was the cause of deep suffering to her. She was an ardent Suffragist. She hated militant methods. But the passing of the Cat and Mouse Bill, and the forcible feeding of women, aroused in her such a storm of indignation that I cannot but think her end was hastened thereby. We joined Sir Victor Horsley's Committee, and were members of the deputation that went to the House on a peaceable errand, viz. to ask that compulsory feeding should be stopped. After I was thrown down on the steps, she visited several Ministers, gave her own clear testimony as an eye-witness, put the authorities in full possession of the facts, and then read to me the extracts from discussions in which all knowledge of such things was denied. "There is something wrong with our public life," she said. "Our so-called 'reforms' are not reforms. Life in England is intolerable. Great suffering is before us, and we must be ready to face it."

Our visit to Germany in 1907 convinced her that War was inevitable. She was no Peace-at-any-price advocate, and to all who spoke of peace, she said—"They (the Germans) are waiting to spring. And they are open and honest about their intentions. At least, they are going to spring in broad daylight."

Yet she stuck to her own bit of constructive work, in spite of foreboding. It had to be carried on with difficulty, and without much help or sympathy from without. She had a passion for order, and for beauty. The materials that came into her little hands were never ample, never adequate even.

"We can make the poor equipment do!" she said; and her hands gave a new grace to every place, however humble. The Baby Camp, however, was always a great trial to us both. The equipment was good in summer. It fell short of what was needed in severe winter weather. And the staff and its management were a source of continual worry and anxiety. The splendid results we got were gathered, as it were, out of storm and flame. In the last year my dear sister began to look thinner and paler. She was irritable, too; her little hasty remarks were outshone always in a moment by the radiant and sweet love that beamed from her ethereal and wonderful face.

We were living at the Camp, and in the midst of the Danger Zone. There had been many raids, and she had cheered and helped us through them all. On the night of August 27, 1916, she came into the room where I was asleep. "Those troublesome Zepps again!" she said lightly. "Come." The room was ablaze with a wicked kind of light. A moment later, and while I was getting up, the window crashed in. Two little boys, whom we had taken care of since the beginning of the war, came out of their room, and Rachel (used to these experiences now) began to collect clothes and blankets rapidly. The house shook as three terrific blasts followed one another in quick succession. The last bomb, fallen only fifty yards off, tore up the iron-work of the frontage and threw it in on the floor of the receiving-room. The windows and sashes fell in, and an acrid smell filled the house. Rachel came downstairs last, and when all the bombs had fallen we went out from the house, now filled

with poisonous gas, and took refuge for the night in the Babies' pavilion.

We thought then that we had escaped once more. A few days later a neighbour developed septosemia, and died, and within a few days more I was stricken with the same disease. My sister nursed me devotedly for a month, though suffering from the effects of shock. It was believed that my illness must prove fatal, and she behaved with the calm heroism she showed in every trial. After my recovery she collapsed, and was in bed for five weeks, but crept back into life after this period.

All that was most beautiful in her character appeared to shine now as with a parting splendour. We were in various lodgings. It was hard to find a resting-place, as everywhere people were crowded into the available houses. There were frequent raids during the autumn, and in February a great explosion. I used to go in to look after the fortunes of our much-tried Baby Camp. One black night, as I was returning, she met me in the dark lane leading up to our lodging. She was carrying a lamp, and her sweet voice (it remained young and silvery to the end) rang out in welcome. "It is you! *Here* I am, come to meet you!"

The end was near, though I had no glimpse of the sword above her dear head. She seemed bright and eager as of old. In mid-March she came back with me to Evelyn House. Her hand was numb. On St. Patrick's Day I noticed that it was worse, that her right arm was affected. I did not look into her face. I had not taken her to see a specialist even. But now at last we went. He told me not the whole truth, but part of it. She,

I believe, knew all. But she talked cheerfully, sparing me as long as she could. Only, waking from sleep she said, "I don't want to leave you."

One night there was a new alarm—from Zepps. We were up all night, and a day or two later she was worse. On Tuesday night, five days before the end, she bade me farewell. During all this time she never spoke of herself at all. As she lived, so she died. "I want," she said, "to strengthen you."

They said of her in death that never was a lovelier face. That the beauty of youth was there, crowned with a new splendour. To me it seemed she smiled humbly and yet proudly. She had a very small funeral—save that the Camp-children were there, and the wreath they had bought with their small savings was on her coffin. Nor did I want any finer pageant for her. For what on this earth of pomp or wealth, acknowledgment or prestige, could have added any lustre to the beauty of her life and death?

So I go my darkened way alone. Dark it is, and empty the world, strangely dark. But I think of her often as she crossed the dark lane in winter. Oh, my dearest! So may I meet you at the end of this dark road I have to travel alone . . . so may I again hear your sweet voice breaking through the darkness.

* * * * *

There could be no better close to this book than the simple record of her conviction on a problem at which she had laboured all her life. For though she joined no societies, and was not

fond of discussing "the Child" or the "Child-Mind," was a little wearied, indeed, by all such phraseology, yet she had a real grasp of essentials.

"The time-factor," she said in brief, "must be respected and acknowledged in the planning of what is called working-class education. For in any kind of genuine education, time is an enormous factor. Certain changes are observable, for example, at seven, in children, which nearly all great nations, or parents belonging to great nations, have noted. At seven the Jesuit sent a boy into a new kind of school. The Persian, the Greek, the Jew, the Scot, did the same thing at the same time. Our infant schools take children at five. Our nurseries send them out at five. But this is going against the proved wisdom of the most thoughtful and able of our race. The infant teachers would oppose the change, it may be said. Yes, as the medical men opposed the passing of medical inspection. When it is demonstrated that if carried out wisely it will raise their status and increase their numbers they will cease to oppose it.

Then our working-class child is hurried into the labour-world at thirteen or fourteen at latest. At this age he wants to enter a new world of learning, and work, and experience, but not the world of modern industrial life where a child is simply a scape-goat. There is haste to-day. Education cannot be given in haste.

Just because our methods are hasty our advance is not rapid. At seven a child should have mastered two of the three R's. He should be able to read and write well. And his second seven years should therefore be spent in work that will let

him, in most cases, come abreast of the finer order of secondary school child by the time he is fourteen.

From fourteen to seventeen one must still be a pupil. If these years are spent in hard manual labour or mere drudgery, if they are not spent, in short, under the eye of qualified teachers, how can we expect to grow a nation of adults? We have no right to expect to grow adults, unless we give higher education to all.

"To-day," said my sister, "we keep our people always fourteen years old. In my classes in Kent I found that an upper-class child of twelve to fourteen could, as a matter of fact, nearly always outstrip the village women. I did not *want* to believe this," she added, "it was reluctantly forced upon me. It is true, alas! It is not easy to see how, given the circumstances, it could be otherwise. Unless we can economize in building, but spend freely on *personnel*, spend so as to have small classes, practical training in hygiene, prolonged education, and a new status for teachers, nothing will be changed."

She strove hard to make possible an illustration that would prove helpful. Without her there would have been no Camp School, no Nursery School. Faulty, and half-balked as they are, they were great experiments and gave conclusive results. This may be lost sight of, or ignored for years. It will emerge at last. "The works of the just are in the hand of God."

A lady said the other day: "She liked my J— very much. She studies the Child-Mind in him." The boy in question was a splendid English lad of twelve, who was enjoying all the best that

England has to offer in the way of education and training. He is gifted, very robust, of fine temperament, and full of goodwill. His pen-drawings were so good that Rachel (who herself always came first in drawing competitions) used to look at them with admiration, and his shy but always interesting remarks attracted her, as did his shining morning face. But all the while she was thinking not of his mind but of the children of the masses.

"If all children were having all that J— has, we should become a very great nation. And they should have it if we were at all wise—not to say a Christian nation. I see J— leaping ahead. Every time I meet him he has arrived, smiling, at a new goal, while others, even our own, do not make the journey." Then, very earnestly: "Working-class education is not a thing to work for. We must try to educate every child *as if he were our own*, and just as we would educate our own."

This was her message, and it was sealed by her life.

So simple it was, yet even great scholars and rulers cannot get so far. "As ye would that men should (if necessary) educate your son, do ye also the same to theirs." In radiant youth and in womanhood she kept close to this teaching, interpreting it literally, following it out as best she could, bearing all things in order to follow it. And I have called the Baby Camp by her name, that all who may see it will remember her by this saying, "Educate every child as if he were your own."

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